POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY.

DELICACIES AND FLOWERS WERE SENT TO HER CELL.

Vol. I.—No. 10.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Act IV., Sc. I.

CHAPTER IV.

FEELING that she was surrounded by enemies and needing assistance for her defence, Mrs. Maybrick wrote a letter to Brierly and gave it to Mrs. Briggs to post. That lady felt that she was bound to hand it over to the police, though it was largely at her suggestion that the unfortunate widow wrote. The letter was as follows:

"Battlecrease, Aigburth.

"I am writing to you to give every assistance in your power in my present fearful trouble. I am in custody and without any of my family with me at present, and without money. I have cabled to my solicitor in New York to come to me at once, but in the meanwhile send me some money for present needs. The truth is known about my visit to London, and your last letter is in the hands of the police. Appearances are terribly against me, but, before God, I swear I am innocent.

"FLORENCE E. MAYBRICK."

This letter clearly pointed to an ambiguous letter from Brierly which might make matters look dangerous for the prisoner. What was this letter, then, which was to damage her case so much? Apparently it was the note to which Mrs. Maybrick replied in the letter intercepted by Nurse Yapp, and which really led to suspicions of poisoning, and thus to her arrest. It was dated on May 6, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR FLORRIE,—I suppose now you have gone I am safe in writing to you. I don't quite understand what you mean in your last about explaining my line of action. You know I could not write and was willing to meet you, although it would have been very dangerous. Most certainly your telegram yesterday was a staggerer, and it looks as if the result was certain, but as yet I cannot find an advertisement in any London paper. I should like to see you, but at present dare not move, and we had perhaps not (sic) meet till late in the autumn. I am going to try and get away in about a fortnight, and think I shall take a round trip to the Mediterranean, which will take six or seven weeks, unless you wish me to stay in England. Supposing the rooms are found, I think both you and I would be better away, as the man's memory would be doubted after three months. I will write and tell you when I go. I cannot trust myself at present to write about my feelings in this unhappy business, but I do hope some time hence I shall be able to show you that I did not quite deserve the strictures contained in your last two letters. I went to the D. and D., and, of course, heard some tales, but myself knew nothing about anything. And now, dear, good-bye, hoping we shall meet in the autumn. I will write to you about sending letters just before I go.—A. B."

On Saturday, May 18, just a week after Mr. Maybrick's death, a small party of men met in Mrs. Maybrick's bedroom at Battlecrease House. Among them were Superintendent Bryning and Colonel Bidwell, one of the Justices of the Peace for the county. Turning to the magistrate, Superintendent Bryning said:

"This is Florence Maybrick, and I charge her on suspicion with causing the death of her husband, James Maybrick, on or about the 11th of May. I understand that the defence consent to an adjournment of the case."

This being agreed to, the magistrate formally remanded the accused for a week, and, later in the day, she was taken in a closed carriage to Walton Gaol, where she was given a private room and had every attention shown to her. For a week she was in the hands of the doctors, but when the day for her second appearance before the magistrates came she was still too unwell to be moved from the prison to the court-house, and accordingly two justices drove over to the gaol and again remanded her for a week. On the following day, however, the police received an outline of the evidence of the analysts who had been investigating the substances submitted to them, and so strong did the suspicion against Mrs. Maybrick then become that on Monday, May 27, Superintendent Bryning visited his prisoner in gaol and formally charged her with murder pure and simple.

Next morning the adjourned inquest was reopened, when the prison doctor, Dr. Beamish, attended and gave evidence that Mrs. Maybrick was not in a fit state to be brought to the court; however, as the medical experts were present and had been given time to carry out their investigations, evidence was taken. As much of this was of little importance, and all was repeated at the trial, we shall detail it in that place to avoid repetition. This much, however, we must point out: the medical evidence left much to be desired and, accordingly, urgent application was made to the Home Secretary at the close of the evidence given on May 28 for an order to have the body of Mr. Maybrick exhumed for further medical examination. The permission was readily granted, and Drs. Carter and Humphreys were appointed to carry out the examination, under the watchful eyes of Inspector Baxendale. The greatest secrecy was, of course, observed as to the time of the exhumation to prevent prying, and it was well that it was so, for when it became known that the grave had been opened public indignation ran high at what was then considered desecration of the dead, and many persons predicted a return to the old days of body-snatching if the Home Secretary sanctioned, even for legal purposes, the taking of a body from its last resting-place. Nowadays little is thought of exhuming a body, but it must be remembered that this was the first case the public had heard of since the nefarious operations of the Resurrectionists.

The time appointed was late at night on the 28th, and the police only intimated to the cemetery keepers their intention to open the tomb of Mr. Maybrick after it was dark. To prevent any interruption and as a precautionary measure a strong band of constables was posted round the graveyard. By the feeble light of a couple of lanterns the grave-diggers commenced shovelling out the earth, and, after nearly an hour's work, they reached the stone slab which closed the receptacle for the coffin. Then they waited for the arrival of the doctors and officials, who came on the scene shortly after eleven at night. With them were several junior doctors who superintended the transference of the portions of the body which were required for analysis to clean jars, which were then sealed and numbered by the police-officer in charge.

As soon as all was ready the coffin was raised from its place and laid on two boards across the opening. The body was then taken out and stripped.

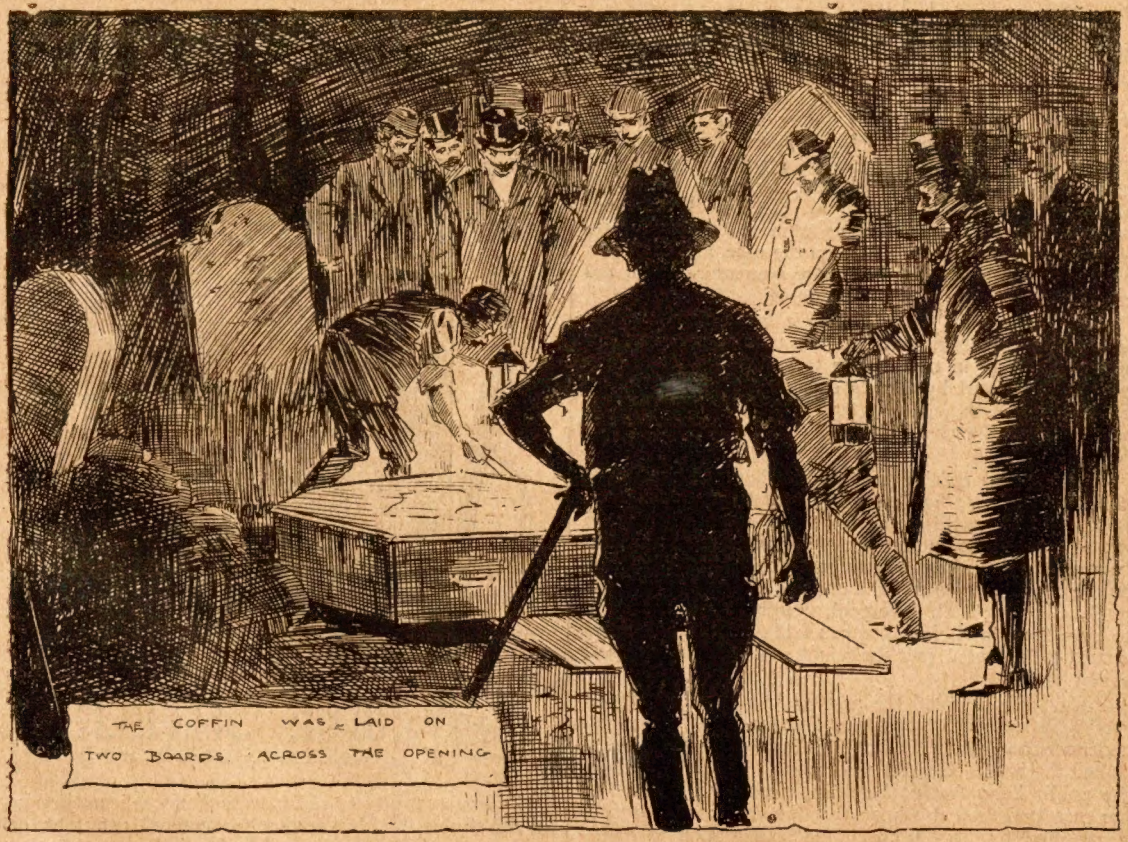
The darkness of the night, the flicker of the lanterns, the flash of the research lamps used by the doctors, the group of men with their faces masked by the respirators used on such occasions—all went to heighten the horror of the picture. Add to this the knowledge that on the result of the hideous scene hung, perhaps, the life of a fellow-creature, and the effect on the mind can be imagined. Even the most experienced surgeon shrinks

from taking part in an exhumation and strives to drive from his mind the memory of the ghastly work upon which he has been engaged; we will not, therefore, describe in fuller detail the tableau beside the tomb. Suffice it to say that when the medical men left they bore with them the dead man's lungs, kidneys, heart, one leg bone, a large piece of the flesh from the left thigh, and the entire head. What was left of the supposed victim was replaced in the coffin and lowered again into the brick grave, but, acting on instructions from the Home Office, only the stone slab was cemented over the opening, lest it might be necessary to revisit the spot in the interests of justice. The various portions of the body were sent to analysts, one of them being Dr. Stevenson, the analyst to the Home Office, for them to report on.

On June the 3rd two magistrates again attended at Walton Gaol, where a private court was held for the purpose of remanding the prisoner till the 5th of June. On that day Mrs. Maybrick was well enough to be brought down to the court-house, Islington, and was present at the adjourned inquest, giving no evidence beyond that of identification; later the same day she was brought before the bench of magistrates and remanded again till the 12th of June. On the following day the inquest was closed, the coroner's jury returning a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Mrs. Maybrick, who was committed for trial on the coroner's warrant.

It was not thought advisable to keep bringing the prisoner, whose health was still very delicate, backwards and forwards from Walton to Liverpool, so when she came into the city on the 5th, for the inquest, accommodation was found for her at Lark Lane Police-station, where she was made very comfortable, being allowed to have the door of her cell open and allowed books and flowers and delicacies in the eating line. There she was confined until the magisterial inquiry on the 12th of June, when she was taken to the court-house at Islington, Liverpool, again. On that day there was a full bench of magistrates, consisting of many of the best-known gentlemen in the county, with Sir W. B. Forwood as chairman.

Superintendent Bryning opened the case, and, after the usual statutory evidence of arrest, etc., gave a brief outline of the doings at Battlecrease during the past three months with which our readers are now acquainted. Dr. Hopper followed, and merely said that he had been Mr. Maybrick's medical attendant up to December, 1888. He had never prescribed arsenic for him. The servants then gave what information they could as to the habits of the deceased, and told of the suspicion which had been excited in their minds by the fly-papers and by food tasting strangely when it was sent down to the kitchen. Nurse Yapp was called to give evidence concerning the letter which she opened on the 8th of May. She declared that she had not the least intention of opening it until the child dropped it into a puddle, and that in a thoughtless moment she tore off the envelope, intending to replace it by a clean one, but that certain sentences caught her eye, and she decided that she ought to give it to Mr. Edwin Maybrick. The letter in question was here put in and read. Then came the medical evidence of Dr. Humphreys. He described the symptoms which had been exhibited by his patient, and told the bench how he had treated him. Then he gave the progress of the disease, pointing out how the various symptoms pointed to irritant poisoning, but declared that he had no suspicion that such was the case until the evening of the 8th of May. The post-mortem appearances he gave in full, telling the court how the redness which he found in the lining of the stomach was indicative of arsenical poisoning, and said that a certain amount of arsenic had been found in the liver and in the intestines, but that there was none in the stomach itself nor in the fluid which was in the mouth after death.



THE COFFIN WAS LAID ON TWO BOARDS ACROSS THE OPENING

The two brothers of Mr. Maybrick, Michael and Edwin, gave an account of the last illness of their brother, and mentioned the things which seemed to them a little suspicious in Mrs. Maybrick's conduct, notably the changing of the medicine. Several other witnesses gave purely formal evidence, such as that of the two chemists from whom the accused had purchased the fly-papers, and then the bench intimated their intention of sending the case before a jury.

Mr. Pickford, who defended Mrs. Maybrick, advised her to reserve her defence, and when questioned whether she had anything to say in answer to the charge laid against her, she bowed and said that she reserved her defence. The magistrates then formally committed her for trial at the next Liverpool Assizes.

The magisterial inquiry lasted two days, and Mrs. Maybrick was kept in one of the apartments of the court-house for the intervening night, to save her the fatigue of a journey. In fact, all through the case, from the arrest to the close of the trial, everything was done that could be for the comfort of the accused.

On the evening of the 13th of June Mrs. Maybrick was taken in a cab to Walton gaol.

At last Mrs. Maybrick was committed for trial. Unlike most other cases this charge against a young and pretty woman had aroused a lasting interest in the public mind, and it was not shelved till the assizes came on. Almost daily in the newspapers were to be found little notes of facts which might bear on the case, and there can be no doubt that the country really sympathised with the unfortunate lady in her time of trouble.

In Walton Goal Mrs. Maybrick made many friends among the wardresses who had the task of guarding her and who did all in their power to soften her lot. They were ably assisted by friends outside the gloomy prison walls who sent in delicacies and flowers to take off the barrenness of the gaol infirmary, where the prisoner was confined.

Time passes quickly enough for those engaged even in ordinary affairs; how rapidly it must have slipped away for the lady engaged in preparing to defend her life! There was so much to do and though nearly seven weeks elapsed between the day when she was committed to take her trial on the capital charge and the opening of the Assize Court in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, hardly a week seemed to have flown by before she was told that the judge had arrived in Liverpool, and she might expect to be arraigned at any moment.

Who was to defend the accused was kept a profound secret till two days before the assizes opened, when an announcement was made that Sir Charles Russell had accepted the brief. General satisfaction was felt at this, for the public knew that no better man could have taken up her case, and they also knew that the Crown was strongly represented by Mr. Addison, Q.C. (now County Court Judge at Southwark), supported by Mr. W. R. McConnell, who has since risen to be chairman of the Clerkenwell Sessions, and Mr. Swift.

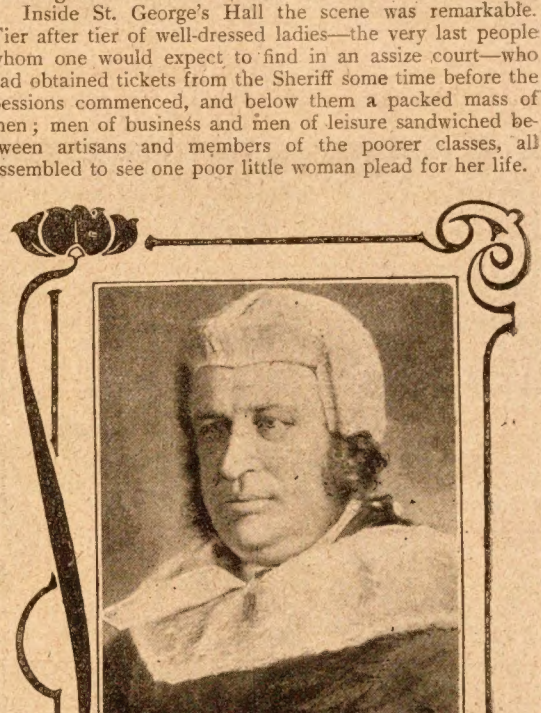
On July 26, amid the customary flourishes of trumpets, Mr. Justice Stephen arrived at St. George's Hall, to open the "Commission of Oyez and Terminer," which was done with the usual formalities. Then he proceeded to charge the grand jury. After dealing with the other cases, he entered at length into the history of the crime laid at Mrs. Maybrick's door. He prefaced his remarks by pointing out to the jury that this was a case in which they ought to find a true bill. He laid great stress on the dates which figured in the case, showing how the purchase of fly-papers was followed by the illness of the victim. When he had commented on the intrigue which, he said, letters would prove, between Mrs. Maybrick and Mr. Brierly, and remarking that arsenic had been found in the body of the deceased, he dismissed the grand jury to their duties.

Late the following day the grand jury, composed of most of the principal gentlemen of the county, returned a true bill against Florence Maybrick, and the judge arranged to hear the case on July 31.

We have said that a great deal of interest was taken in the charge against the cotton merchant's widow; anyone who saw the crowd which from the small hours of the morning stood waiting outside the court on the barest chance of getting in can never have forgotten it.

At length the doors were opened, and the few who were nearest the doors gained admittance, but the remainder still waited outside in the hope that later in the day they too might catch a glimpse of the winsome widow who was standing her trial for the murder of her husband.

Inside St. George's Hall the scene was remarkable. Tier after tier of well-dressed ladies—the very last people whom one would expect to find in an assize court—who had obtained tickets from the Sheriff some time before the Sessions commenced, and below them a packed mass of men; men of business and men of leisure sandwiched between artisans and members of the poorer classes, all assembled to see one poor little woman plead for her life.



JUDGE STEPHEN.

The ushers called for silence, and, magnificent in scarlet and ermine, Mr. Justice Stephen entered and took his seat on the bench, bowing to the bar and other functionaries present. After a pause of a few seconds the Clerk of the Court then called out, "Florence Elizabeth Maybrick," and all eyes were turned to the dock into which stepped the accused, looking very weak. She was plainly dressed in black, with widow's weeds, but without the thick black veil which had hidden her face from view when before the magistrates.

On entering the dock, Mrs. Maybrick advanced to the rail and bowed slightly to the judge, and then the clerk read the charge to her as follows: "Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, you stand committed to take your trial at the instance of Sir W. B. Forwood, W. Scott Barrett, Esq., and S. Brighouse, Esq., coroner, for that you did on the 11th of May, at Garston, feloniously, willingly, and of malice aforethought, kill and murder one James Maybrick, against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen. Say, are you Guilty or Not Guilty?" "Not Guilty, my lord," replied the prisoner, in a strong voice, and then was permitted by the judge to sit down while Mr. Addison, Q.C., commenced to open the case on behalf of the Crown.

After giving the usual technical description of the case, Mr. Addison said that Mr. Maybrick was a native of Liverpool, and carried on his business there. In 1881 he met the prisoner, who was by birth an American, and married her in July of the same year. His business necessitated him spending some part of his time in America, but latterly, that was to say about two or three years before the committal of the crime, he left America for good, and settled down in his native town, carrying on his business in Knowsley Buildings, and living at Battlecrease House, Aigburth, or Garston. Mr. Maybrick had three brothers, Michael, a well-known singer and composer; Thomas, a Manchester shipping agent, who does not figure in the case; and Edwin, who, like the deceased, was a cotton merchant. Dr. Hopper was Mr. Maybrick's regular medical attendant, and had prescribed for him. The deceased had been in the habit of taking tonics for nervous complaints, and especially for numbness of the legs. Being a nervous man, he used to talk about his illness to anybody, and took their advice. The first date of importance in the case was March 16th, on which day Mrs. Maybrick sent a telegram to London to a hotel ordering a sitting-room and bedroom. Receiving no reply, she wrote next day, and, at the same time, ordered dinner to be ready for the party expected. On March 18th she wrote again saying that the rooms were for her sister-in-law, and told the hotel manager to spare no expense, as her sister-in-law was not particular. The excuse the prisoner gave to her husband was that she wished to see an aunt who was about to undergo a severe operation. She was met at the station by a friend, who took her to the hotel, and next day was in the company of a Mr. Brierly, of Huskinson Street, Liverpool, a cotton broker, and there was evidence to prove that she occupied the same room with him for two nights, after which the pair left the hotel, and nothing was heard of them till March 28th, when Mrs. Maybrick returned home. On the day of the Grand National, March 29th, she accompanied her husband to the races, where she quarrelled with him, and they returned home separately. That night there was a further quarrel and Mrs. Maybrick threatened to leave the house. On the following morning Mrs. Maybrick called on a Mrs. Briggs, and declared that she was going to get a separation, but was persuaded not to do so, and returned to Battlecrease House, where a reconciliation took place. On April 13th Mr. Maybrick went up to London and consulted Dr. Fuller, who found that, bevond slight indigestion, there was nothing the matter with him.

The learned counsel then went on to describe the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, giving various opinions from experts which bore out the statement of the Treasury that Mr. Maybrick had been the victim of foul play. He then resumed his summary of the case and referred to the letter which we have already printed *in extenso*, pointing out to the jury that when, on May 8, Mrs. Maybrick wrote to Brierly saying that Mr. Maybrick was "sick unto death" she had not been told that he had any more serious illness than indigestion. The statement in the letter to the effect that Mr. Maybrick had been "delirious since Sunday" he also drew the jury's attention to, telling them that it was false. After this he merely gave the dates of Mr. Maybrick's last illness, and mentioned the medicine which Mrs. Maybrick had prepared for her husband, but which Nurse Gore threw down the sink, where arsenic was subsequently found, and then proceeded to call the evidence on which it was proposed to convict the accused.

Mr. William Henry Clemming, a surveyor, produced plans of Battlecrease House and swore to them being correct.

Then Mr. Michael Maybrick stepped into the box and stated that he was a musical composer, and lived in Regent's Park, London. The deceased, his brother, came to him in London on April 13 and saw Dr. Fuller, who prescribed for him. On May 8 he received three telegrams, one being from Mrs. Briggs, in consequence of which he set out for Liverpool at once. He was met by his brother Edwin at the station, and later was shown the letter to Mr. Brierly. He saw Nurse Gore in the deceased's room and inquired if there were any more nurses, and, when he was told that there were not, he spoke to Mrs. Maybrick about it, and asked her to have extra nurses and to call in further medical advice; at the same time he told her that he was suspicious about his brother's illness. That evening he went and saw Dr. Humphreys, and later had a chat with the nurse. Next day his brother was better, but on Friday, May 10, he had a relapse. He took half a bottle of brandy from his brother's room and a bottle of Valentine's meat juice, both of which he gave to Dr. Carter, who had been called in to consult with Dr. Humphreys. That same evening he saw Mrs. Maybrick changing some medicine. When he caught her she was putting the label round the bottle. He asked her what she was doing and she replied that she was putting the medicine into a larger bottle because it had so much sediment in it that it was hard to shake it properly. He was annoyed and sent for another bottle. His brother got worse that evening and died on the following day. Soon after the death he got Nurse Yapp to bring him a lot of things which were in Mrs. Maybrick's bedroom. Among these were a chocolate box and a paper packet. In the chocolate box was a packet of arsenic labelled "Arsenic. —Poison for cats."

Cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Michael Maybrick admitted that he had been informed that no arsenic had been found in the brandy nor in the half-bottle of meat juice, but did not know whether that was the case or not. He had never heard that his brother took medicine for his appearance, but believed that he had occasionally taken phosphorus as a tonic. In the beginning of March, however, he got a letter from the prisoner, saying that her husband was drugging himself with a white powder, and when James came to London he asked him about it. His brother seemed astonished, and when the question was pressed said that it was "a d——d lie!" He had no remembrance of Mrs. Maybrick saying to him that her husband took strychnine.

Dr. Hopper was then called and stated that he had prescribed for Mr. Maybrick for some time. The deceased was a sufferer from slight dyspepsia. He never prescribed arsenic in any form for Mr. Maybrick. He was, of course, aware that arsenic was an antiperiodic, that is to say, that it was used for malarial fever, but had never heard that Mr. Maybrick took it as such. Dr. Hopper then spoke of Mrs. Maybrick coming to him on March 30, saying that she was going to obtain a separation, and said that he advised her not to do so.

Being a medical witness, naturally Dr. Hopper was severely handled by Sir Charles Russell, who only elicited the facts that once the deceased had shown him a packet of prescriptions by Dr. Sequard, but that none of the prescriptions contained arsenic, and that in June, 1888, Mrs. Maybrick had told him that her husband was in the habit of taking strong medicines which had a very bad effect on him. On the point as to whether a man who had been in the habit of arsenic eating suddenly giving up the practice would develop symptoms of arsenical poisoning, Dr. Hopper would express no definite opinion, but was inclined to think that the majority of authorities were opposed to such a theory. This finished Dr. Hopper's examination, and he stood down, his place being taken by Mrs. Briggs, who said:

"I knew Mr. Maybrick before his marriage. I first met Mrs. Maybrick in 1882. On the 30th of March the prisoner called on me and made a statement about the quarrel which took place on the 29th. On that day I went to the General Post Office to fetch a letter for Mrs. Maybrick. I saw Mr. Maybrick on the 8th of May. He tried to tell me his symptoms, but Mrs. Maybrick said, 'Come down stairs and I will tell you all about it.' I went with her, but she did not tell me anything at all, so I left the house. It was then about eleven in the morning. Later in the same day I saw Mr. Edwin Maybrick, and made a statement to him, and in consequence of our conversation I sent a telegram to Mr. Michael Maybrick. I went to the house again on Saturday,

the 11th, and remained there until Mr. Maybrick died. On the following day I searched the house in company with Mr. Maybrick's brothers and my sister, Mrs. Hughes. I found a small bottle, a handkerchief, and a small blue box. The small blue box was in a hat-box with a hat; the bottle was in the small box. These were all in a closet in a dressing-room to which the only access was through a door in Mrs. Maybrick's room. On the 14th, while I was looking after the prisoner, she gave me a letter to post. It was addressed to Mr. Brierly, asking for some money. I gave it to the police."

Cross-examined: "The letter to Mr. Brierly was written at my suggestion."

Dr. Fuller, the London doctor whom Mr. Maybrick consulted when he went to town on May 13, merely gave evidence to the effect that the deceased was suffering from dyspepsia and nervousness, for which he prescribed a tonic which contained no arsenic. Questioned by counsel for the defence, Dr. Fuller denied that leaving off arsenic after a long period of using the drug would cause symptoms of arsenical poisoning.

He was followed by two chemist's assistants who had made up the medicine which Mr. Maybrick was taking up to the time of his death, in one bottle of which arsenic was found. Both declared that no arsenic was in the bottles when they left the chemist's shop.

Then came the turn of Nurse Yapp, who had been in the prisoner's service for more than a year and a-half. She told the jury all about the quarrel which took place on March 29, and described how she had led Mrs. Maybrick up to the nursery to prevent her from leaving the house and so causing an irreparable breach between her and her husband. She described the household and their duties, and gave evidence as to the fly-papers soaking in the wash-hand basin. The only part of her evidence which was not contained in that of the other witnesses was an account of Mr. Maybrick's illness on May 28 and 29, when the prisoner treated him with mustard and water, and the statement that on May 9 Mrs. Maybrick had said to her: "Do you know what I am blamed for?" Witness asked, "For what?" and prisoner replied, "For my husband's illness." Sir Charles Russell could not get anything out of this witness in favour of his client except that until the episode of the opening of the letter, which we have described in another place, she had not the slightest suspicion of her mistress.

The other two servants, Mary Cadwallader and Elizabeth Humphreys, bore out the facts which we have related in our story of the case.

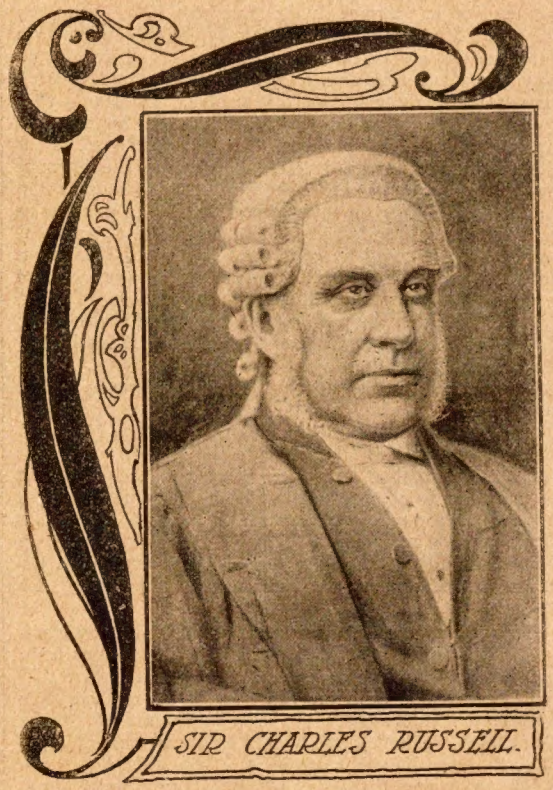
The first of the really expert witnesses was then called. Dr. Richard Humphreys, of Garston, after mentioning that the prisoner had once had a conversation with him on the subject of her husband taking a "white powder," went on to describe the medical symptoms which were manifested in this case, and gave a history of the progress of Mr. Maybrick's malady identical with that which we have already given. He followed this with an account of the post-mortem examination, describing the appearance of the inside of the stomach and intestines, which he said were indicative of gastro-enteritis set up by some irritant poison. Up to Wednesday, May 8, he had not the slightest suspicion that all was not as it should be, and had the patient succumbed then he would have granted a certificate of death; however, before Mr. Maybrick died he had come to the conclusion that he was suffering from some irritant poison. The cross-examination of this witness elicited no new facts.

Dr. Carter then stepped into the box and related how he had been called in in consultation with the last witness and how he had been given certain samples of matter by Mr. Michael Maybrick, amongst which was a jar of meat juice which had been taken from the patient's bedroom. He analysed this and found arsenic in it. Accordingly, he sent samples of the meat juice to Mr. Davies for further analysis, and he, too, found arsenic in the food. He was present at the post-mortem examination, which he described, and concluded his evidence with these words:

"I have no doubt that death was due to arsenical poisoning." Asked by Sir Charles Russell when he thought the poison had been administered, he fixed the probable date as May 3.

Inspector Baxendale and Superintendent Bryning gave the customary police evidence of arrest, etc., and the former stated that he had purchased fly-papers from the two chemists from whom the prisoner had obtained those found soaking in the basin, and given the papers to the analysts.

Mr. Edward Davies, an analyist, deposed to receiving certain substances for analysis. Some of these were portions of a human body. In the spleen he found no arsenic, but he found arsenic in the liver and intestines. Other samples submitted to him were a jug which had contained food—possibly Du Barry's Revalenta—and which had a small quantity of the food adhering to the rim. A bottle which had been found in the hat-box in the prisoner's



SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

room, as well as a tumbler found in the same place, a handkerchief soaked in some fluid, also taken from Mrs. Maybrick's hat-box, and a packet of powder found in the chocolate-box, and an earthenware pan in which Mr. Maybrick had heated his beef-tea. All these articles contained arsenic. The handkerchief contained three-quarters of a grain, and the packet consisted of white arsenic—65½ grains, mixed with six grains of charcoal. To make sure that the arsenic in the pan was not due to the glazing, he bought several similar pans from the shop where it was purchased, and analysed them, but could find no trace of the deadly mineral.

The three nurses merely detailed the part they played in the story we have told, and a waiter from the hotel in Henrietta Street, London, identified the prisoner as the lady who had stopped at the hotel with Mr. Brierly.

THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF

Margaret Dixon,

WHO LIVED THIRTY YEARS AFTER BEING HANGED.

"The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die."
—GOLDSMITH, "Vicar of Wakefield," ch. xxiv.

ON the 19th of June, 1728, a large crowd gathered round the public gallows at Edinburgh to witness the execution of a woman who had been found guilty a few days previously of the crime of murder.

The unfortunate culprit was one Margaret Dixon, and the crime for which she suffered the last penalty of the law is of itself instructive, while the sequel is even more curious.

Margaret Dixon was born at Musselburgh, then regarded as a distant village, but now merely a suburb of the Scottish capital. She was the daughter of a fisherman, and was brought up to take her share in selling the produce of the sea which her father brought daily ashore. In this she was only following the occupation of the majority of the inhabitants of the fishing village, whose men toiled on the deep while the women cried the products through the streets of Edinburgh.

Love in this humble station of life has its place as well as in the parlours of the well-to-do, and when Margaret grew up to be a young woman she found that she was regarded with attention by one Dixon, who was also a fisherman. Long engagements are not fashionable in the rustic districts of Scotland, and only a short time elapsed before Maggie became Mrs. Dixon, and settled down with her husband in her new home.

All went well for some little time, and then came a black day when Maggie waited for Jock to return, and waited in vain. After a couple of days' weary suspense news reached the sorrowing woman that her husband had been seized by the press-gang and forced to serve the King in the Navy, so, like many others, she had perforce to settle down to a widowhood which was not a widowhood. Time went on, and still no news came of the compulsory sailor; but the people of the village, inquisitive and gossip-loving, began to remark that Mrs. Dixon was apparently attempting to console herself for the loss of her lawful spouse by enjoying the company of other men in the neighbourhood.

One day a rumour went round the pious people of that district that Maggie was "no better than she ought to be," and later the matrons who know of these matters and who are the most keen to cry shame on any of their own sex, said that there was very little doubt but that Mrs. Dixon was shortly to become the mother of a child whose father was not Jock Dixon. Maggie flatly denied the impeachment, but succeeding weeks only told the gossips that their surmises were correct, and at length the matter came to the ears of the minister of the local kirk.

In those days it was customary for any woman who had not regarded purity as one of the essentials of life to be placed in a conspicuous seat in the Meeting House on three successive Sabbaths, while the pastor delivered a homily on the evils of such lapses from virtue, to the huge delight of the assembled crones, who rarely passed through the church portals except to listen to the recountal of the downfall of one of their sisters. These charitable women attended as a proof of their own absolute chastity, and thus paraded their own goodness while secretly they hoped that the minister would say something a little risqué. Nothing makes one feel more contented with himself than to witness the disgrace of another.

Maggie saw those three awful days coming closer and closer, and her "friends" chuckled with delight at the rich treat which was in store for them; but the neighbours were balked of their enjoyment. Shortly before the long-expected day the news flew round the village that the body of an infant had been found close to Maggie's residence, and that she was no longer with child.

Officialdom, in the person of the Parish Bumble, lost no

time in arresting the suspected woman, and, weak as she was, she was taken to Edinburgh and cast into gaol. The body of the infant was given over to a couple of surgeons to determine whether the mite had ever actually lived or whether it was still-born.

In due time the report was made, stating that the lungs of the child had floated when they were placed in water, which was taken as abundant evidence that the infant had been born alive. On this Margaret Dixon was committed for trial on the charge of murder.

In cases of this sort it is impossible to give the entire evidence produced before the Lords Justiciaries and the jury, but the main outline is as follows :—A large number of neighbours swore positively that Mrs. Dixon had shown unmistakable signs of pregnancy, while others who had been deputed to examine the accused said that there could be no doubt that she had been recently delivered. The whole case turned on the question as to whether the child had lived or not. The two surgeons who were charged with determining this were of the opinion that it had, but they admitted that their tests were not infallible.

On this the jury declared that Maggie was guilty of infanticide, and she received sentence of death.

The question being thus settled, Mrs. Dixon was taken back to prison and consigned to the condemned cell. Under the influence of the ministers who attended her she confessed that she had been unfaithful to her husband, and that she had been pregnant and later given birth to an infant, but she strenuously denied that she had had either knowledge of, or hand in, its death.

According to her own account, she was suddenly brought to bed, without having time to get the assistance of any neighbour, and that shortly afterwards she became unconscious, and remembered nothing of what had happened. Finding that her predicament was over, and that there would be no chance of her being subjected to the dreadful ordeal of public rebuke in church, she had said nothing about the matter at all, hoping that her former declarations that she was not pregnant would be received and the whole incident allowed to blow over. She had not the least recollection of having ever seen her offspring.

The fatal morning arrived, and Maggie was brought in a cart to the place of execution, where she found a huge crowd waiting to receive her. At the prompting of her spiritual consoler she declared that she was thoroughly repentant for the wrong which she had done to her husband, but was positive that she had not raised her hand wittingly against her baby. Of murder she was innocent, but of other crimes she was culpable.

A short period was allowed her for prayer, which she took advantage of, assisted by the ministers, and cheered by the sympathy of the spectators, many of whom prayed with her. Then she was placed in the cart, the white cap drawn over her head, and the executioner adjusted the rope, after having received a small fee from the poor woman, who begged not to be hanged too high, "for decency's sake." While the chaplain was praying with her the hangman whipped the horse, and the cart drew off, leaving Margaret Dixon hanging.

For a few minutes her body was violently convulsed; then all was still. Margaret had been hanged according to law. The crowd stood and looked at the motionless body for a short while, but the sight was not sufficiently sensational, and by degrees the concourse melted away. Even the sheriff got impatient, and, seeing that the populace took little interest in the spectacle, he gave the hangman orders to cut the body down and deliver it over to some of the convict's friends, who had brought a coffin in which to convey her to Musselburgh.

Glad to be done with his duties for the day, the executioner cut down Maggie, and the friends removed the rope and placed her in the coffin. Thinking that some of her Musselburgh acquaintances might like to have a look at her before she was interred, they only laid the lid on, but did not fasten it down. Then they drove off in a rickety country cart, the sympathisers sitting in the vehicle alongside their gruesome charge.

Remember that June is a hot month, and the excitement of the morning, together with the crushing in the crowd, had made the band of "whusky-loving Scots" very thirsty; so, when they reached the village of Pepper Mill, between Edinburgh and Musselburgh, they all stopped at the inn and went in for refreshment, leaving the cart outside.

One of the band kept an eye on the trap through the window, lest any students should steal the body and take it to the anatomy rooms, and was surprised to see the lid of the coffin move. He rubbed his eyes, thinking that possibly the potency of the smuggled spirit which he was drinking, added to the libations with which he had fortified himself prior to the hanging, had affected them. Then he looked again, and this time felt sure that the lid moved. Calling the attention of his friends to the matter, they all went out, and the boldest went up to the cart, and was just removing the coffin-lid, when, to the astonishment of all, Maggie arose upright in her coffin, upon which he and the others took to their heels, almost dead with fright.

Even thus resuscitated, Mrs. Dixon might have succumbed had not a stranger with some primitive knowledge of medicine been in the tavern at the time. This man—a gardener—went up to the coffin and bled the victim of the law. His remedy was so effectual that within an hour Maggie was able to be put to bed, and next morning actually *walked* the remaining three miles to Musselburgh.

Having been hanged as ordered, and her death certified by the sheriff, it was impossible to arrest her again for any offences committed prior to her "execution," so she was perfectly free. At the same time, inasmuch as she was dead in the eyes of the law, she was a single woman, for no dead person can be considered to be married. While Maggie was in prison her husband had returned from his naval service, and, perhaps, mindful of his own peccadilloes, forgave his wife and married her a second time in public a few days later.

Maggie lived for thirty years after this wonderful escape from death, and bore her husband children, but she had learnt a lesson, and was virtuous for the rest of her days. Up to the moment of her death she protested her innocence of the crime for which she had been publicly executed.

The only person who got into trouble over this affair was the unfortunate sheriff, who was sued for not performing his duty properly. He eventually escaped with a fine.

Lest any reader should imagine that such an incident could take place in the present day, it is as well to point out that at the time we speak of death was due to strangulation only, and that the period which the malefactor hung was seldom more than half-an-hour, and in many instances did not exceed half of that time. Nowadays death is almost invariably caused by dislocation or fracture of the neck, and in most cases it would be perfectly safe to cut the victim down the instant after the drop fell, for even then he would be dead, though for safety's sake he is allowed to hang for about an hour.

Times Have Altered.

IN 1816 were brought to light several conspiracies of a most diabolical nature, recalling the cold-blooded villainy of Jonathan Wild, who, on his way to death, was pelted with stones and mud.

It was proved to be an indubitable fact that, for ten years preceding the above date, miserable wretches were brought up session after session to be convicted of crimes which they had been enticed to commit by the very men who gave evidence against them that they—the officers of the law—might get their blood-money, amounting, in many cases, to forty pounds for each conviction. The discovery of this cruel system took place at the trial of three ignorant Irishmen, who were detected fabricating base shillings and bank tokens. During the investigation, certain circumstances came out that induced Sir Matthew Wood, the Lord Mayor, to suspect that the prosecutors, Brock, Pelham, and Power, hangers-on of police officers, were in some way mixed up with the guilt of the prisoners. The Irishmen were convicted, but afterwards brought up as witnesses. At first, however, when confronted with their accusers, they refused to say a word, stating that they were "under an oath." But a priest having, with some difficulty, persuaded them that they were not bound by an oath administered unlawfully, they told all, and other witnesses appeared to substantiate their evidence.

A man, named Barry, swore that Pelham had applied to him to get some men to make bad shillings, which Power was to colour. Barry, Brock, and Power went to a place in Cheapside, where poor Irishmen met together, waiting for employment, and two of these simple fellows, who were half-starving, were engaged. They were told they could not be employed unless they were sworn to secrecy, and they took an oath on a piece of paper. A room and some tools were procured, and the Irishmen were set to work to cut brass into the form of shillings, and tokens, under the superintendence of Power. The third Irishman was then entrapped; but, seeing what they were at, he said, in Irish, to Barry, "We are doing a job that will hang us all," and shortly after this the police surprised and captured the three men at work. Pelham's landlady proved that the scissors used by them she had procured at his request, and the hammer and files were also traced to him. The conspirators were transported for life, and the three Irishmen pardoned; and the Lord Mayor, having interested himself in their behalf, a subscription was opened, and they were sent back to their own country and comfortably provided for.

"Man is an apprentice; pain is his master; and none knows himself so long as he has not suffered."—A. DE MUSSET.

CHAPTER X.

THE very refinement of cruelty was exercised in the olden times, and, as we have more than once stated in these articles, women were often more badly treated than men. And here are two ways in which women were ill-used, and the methods of punishment contrast strangely.

A crown of straw, with two long plaits of the same material, was kept in the town hall of many large towns, and when a fallen virgin was discovered, the poor girl was compelled to wear this badge of her disgrace. First, her hair was cropped off close to her head, then she was crowned with the straw diadem, after which she was compelled to stand at the church door, or some other public place, the object of the sneers, jibes, and insults of everyone who passed by.

Straw Crown for Fallen Virgins.

Sometimes the mob resorted to physical violence, and it is needless to say that the poor, helpless girl suffered in the extreme.

Women convicted of other offences were also compelled to wear a crown, and stand in a public place. But the headgear in this case was a much more cruel affair. It consisted of a ring of iron, with heavy knobs of the same metal, the whole contrivance being very weighty. Sometimes there were spikes instead of knobs, crowns of this description being similar to those worn by Christian martyrs on their way to the auto-da-fé. The weight of the crown drove the spikes into the flesh, creating ghastly wounds, and inflicting terrible pain.

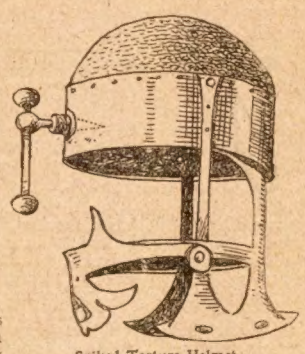
Even more awful were the effects of the spiked helmet, which was applied to criminals in the days when torture was used to extort confessions. The arrangement fitted completely over the head. A broad band of iron came into position round the forehead, and in the centre of this was a powerful screw, to which a spike was attached. This helmet was usually the last head-covering of the people who wore it. A twist of the screw drove the knife into the skull, and the operation was continued from time to time, until the spike penetrated the brain, and the victim died. This dreadful punishment was not commenced and finished at one sitting. It was continued at intervals from day to day, the knife being driven in a fraction of an inch at a time. Thus the excruciating agony of the unfortunate wretch who wore the helmet was prolonged over a considerable time, and ere he died he suffered indescribable torture.

Speedier in its death-dealing was a helmet which also completely enclosed the head. This arrangement was loosely made, and joined together with a series of screws. These were all controlled by a sort of master screw, and when the whole lot were set in motion, the plates of the helmet closed together, and then overlapped one another. The immense pressure brought to bear on the head of the victim gradually crushed it to a shapeless, horrible pulp.

Another helmet was applied, when red-hot, with results which may be more readily imagined than described. It was no doubt this contrivance which created the pitch cap, which, it is recorded, was used in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798. Many a poor son of the Green Isle had blazing hot pitch applied to his head, which, forming a cap, was torn away, carrying the hair and great portions of the scalp with it.

Many head tortures are applied in Morocco, but probably the most fiendish punishment practised in that country is worked with the assistance of nature.

A man is buried up to his neck in the sand of the desert, a prey to the burning sun, to the myriads of stinging insects, and to the awful pangs of hunger and thirst, to say nothing of the intense pressure of the sand upon his body. And, to make sure that the unfortunate criminal shall receive the undivided attention of all the insects in the neighbourhood his torturers take care to select his "grave" in close proximity to an anthill. From the man's mouth to the insects' castle a train of honey is laid, and those wonderful little warriors come out in their thousands, follow up the sweet stream, and, reaching the head protruding from the earth, attack it with great ferocity. Red ants, with the miraculous array of implements with which they are supplied by nature, will clean the skull of a man in the course of a few days. Meanwhile, close to the poor victim is a plentiful supply of food and drink. It is there to increase his torment. Strain his neck as he will, he cannot get his lips to the bowl of fluid. His glaring eyes are ever on the water. One of the ants, on an exploring expedition, falls into the bowl, and is in danger of drowning. How the unhappy man watches the struggling insect—how he wishes he could change places with it! Gladly would he drown, if, before losing his life, he could have one long, long drink. He would not

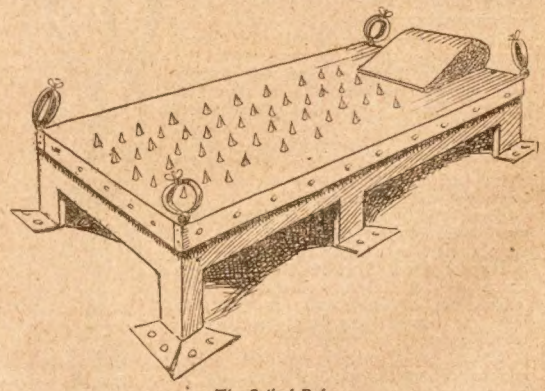


Spiked Torture Helmet.

The Morocco Fly Torture.

require to be drowned in filtered water; anything would do, so that he could quench his burning thirst. His tongue, black, swollen, and parched, hangs out of his mouth. Ants settle upon it; but their fierce little saw-like jaws cause no pain. It might be a piece of leather, for any sensation there is left in it.

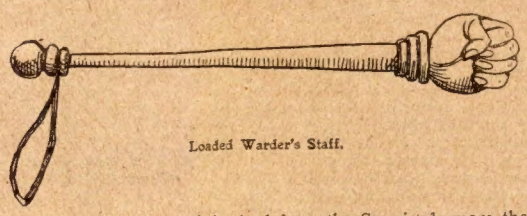
The man falls asleep, exhausted, and dreams dreams of babbling brooks and glorious waterfalls. In his delirium he leans forward to take a drink. The unconscious effort brings him to his senses again, and to the realisation of his awful sufferings. The red ants continue their labours incessantly. Happy



The Spiked Bed.

the victim whose constitution was frail enough to yield quickly. Death was indeed a blessing. But malefactors treated in this way are generally hardy men of the desert, who hang on to life with wonderful tenacity. But death comes sooner or later—death in its most horrible and prolonged form.

Some Mexican Vagueros adopted this torture in another form some years ago. One of the men on a big ranch, after being forgiven several times, was again caught breaking one of the most stringent laws of the community. With all the fierce pas-



Loaded Warder's Staff.

sions of men who have inherited from the Spaniards more than their share of the latter's instincts for inflicting pain, the offender was seized, bound to a horse, and ridden all the night through and the next day to a great patch of sandhills, where scorpions, centipedes, tarantulas, ants, rattlesnakes, and other fearsome creatures abounded. Stakes were driven deep into the earth, the man was laid down near them, and lariats fastened to his arms, legs, and head, and then, tied to the stakes, spread-eagled him so that it was quite impossible for him to move. His clothes were stripped from him, and, naked as he was born, he was left to die.

The insects approached curiously, and wondered what manner of thing was this which had invaded their domain. A tarantula crawled across the prostrate body. The man shuddered convulsively. Each movement of the many legs sent a thrill of horror through his frame. The tarantula went on, and fell off on the other side. The man gave a sigh of relief; and then, as the sun rose above the neighbouring hills and the first hot rays struck his quivering flesh, a great fear gripped his heart, and he found himself praying for a return of the tarantula, and for a dose of the deadly poison with which the insect was armed.

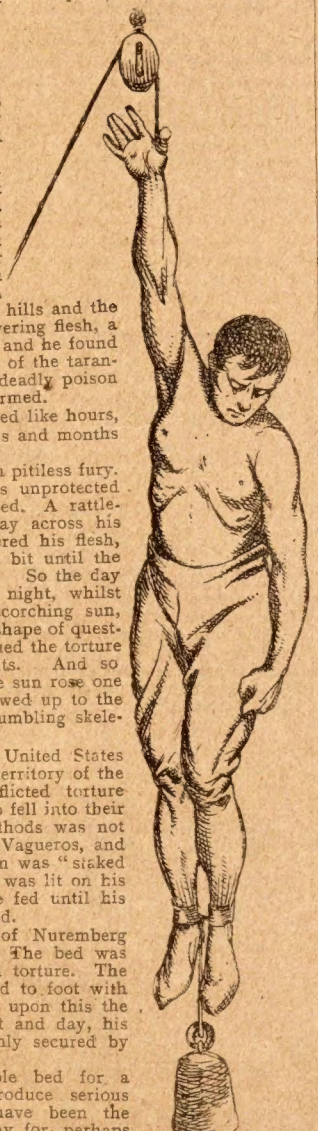
The dreary minutes seemed like hours, the hours drew out into days and months and years.

The sun smote down with pitiless fury. Under the burning rays his unprotected flesh scorched and shrivelled. A rattlesnake crawled its slimy way across his body. myriads of ants covered his flesh, and dug and harrowed and bit until the man screamed in his agony. So the day dragged through, and the night, whilst bringing relief from the scorching sun, brought fresh terrors in the shape of questing mosquitoes, who continued the torture previously inflicted by ants. And so the man lay until, when the sun rose one morning, empty sockets glowed up to the sky and only a shining, crumbling skeleton met its view.

In the days when the United States were pushing out into the territory of the Indians, the Redskins inflicted torture upon any poor captives who fell into their hands. One of their methods was not unlike that adopted by the Vagueros, and just described. The victim was "staked out" on the ground, a fire was lit on his chest, and the flames were fed until his body was entirely consumed.

Even the spiked bed of Nuremberg was preferable to this. The bed was mainly used as a dungeon torture. The bed was covered from head to foot with sharp nails or spikes, and upon this the culprit was stretched night and day, his legs and arms being firmly secured by manacles at each corner.

Lying in a comfortable bed for a couple of weeks will produce serious sores, and what must have been the state of the man who lay for perhaps months on a bed of spikes in a filthy, reeking cell, overrun with vermin, and where the sun's purifying rays could never penetrate? Ghastly, gangrenous wounds covered his body, and he would literally rot until death ended his sufferings. Men so tortured were horrible spectacles. Their hair and beards long, unkempt, and matted, their finger-nails like an eagle's talons, and their body so caked with filth that it was impossible to tell the colour of their flesh. And when they died the corpse was thrown into the sewer or moat of the castle.



Suspension by One Thumb.

One of our illustrations depicts a formidable-looking weapon, the ancient equivalent of the present-day policeman's baton. It is one of the handy little contrivances from Munich, where torture was at one time a fine art. There were no questions of police and public in those days, and if the constable struck his prisoner too heavy a blow on the head and cracked in the skull like an egg-shell, he was probably promoted. Certainly no one ever thought of punishing him, or, as would be the case now, of charging him with murder. The prisoner had no right to commit crime, and if he got into the clutches of the law—well, it was his own fault, and he had to put up with the consequences.

The staff shown is about three feet long, the shank being of some hard wood, which looks very like oak, and the fist at the end of iron. This latter seems to be filled with lead to make it heavier, the weapon altogether weighing about seven pounds. Such a baton would be useful as a protection against hooligans. In the hands of a powerful man it should be as deadly as a revolver.

In one of the earlier articles we described the picquet torture practised in the West Indies. The criminal was suspended by one arm, with the great toe of one foot resting on a sharp stake driven into the ground. On the Continent in the Middle Ages a more severe torture was in existence. A prisoner from whom a confession was required, was brought into one of the halls of the prison and stripped naked. A rope dangled from a kind of

Suspension by Wrists and Feet.

pulley overhead. One end of this was firmly secured to the man's right thumb, and then he was hauled up until his feet were about two feet from the ground. There he was suspended, whilst his gaolers adjourned to a table close by to play cards and drink wine. They took no heed of the unfortunate wretch who, in a few minutes, would be suffering the greatest pain, but went on with their game in the most callous fashion. Then, as the required confession was not forthcoming, one of the warders would approach the prisoner and attach a heavy weight to one foot. The victim's body would stretch and crack under the strain, his thumb would leave the socket, but, if he still remained mute, further weights would be added, until at last the thumb would be torn out completely, and the poor wretch would fall in a pain-racked heap on the floor. His torture would not end there, however, for next day, failing the confession, he would be suspended by his left thumb. If that was also torn off, the executioners would next attach the rope to one of the fingers, and so they would proceed, until the man recited the story which his tormentors wished him to tell.

A variation of this torture was even more terrible in its effects. The prisoner was laid face downwards, and his legs and arms were pulled together until they met just over the small of his back. His limbs were then firmly bound, and trussed up like a fowl; he was then suspended from one of the beams in the ceiling. Round his waist was a belt of wire, with spur-shaped hooks at intervals of about an inch, and depending from the belt were a couple of heavy weights, which were set swinging in pendulum fashion. This would set the belt see-sawing on the man's bare flesh, and, if the torture was long drawn out, he was very nearly cut in halves, and more often than not he died under the terrible punishment.

Dated Stone Neck-Weight.

It is remarkable, but nevertheless true, that some of the ancient tortures still survive, though in a modified form, under the régime of a civilised country. When ex-Captain Dreyfus was a prisoner on the French penal settlement known as Devil's Isle, he was fettered with a heavy chain and cannon ball, which were attached to one of his legs. When he walked he had either to drag the cannon ball after him or else pick it up and carry it in his hands. Weak as he was, the weight was too much for him, and Dreyfus preferred sitting still in his little hut.

In the seventeenth century thieves and hooligans were punished by being made to carry heavy weights about with them. These weights were exceedingly heavy stones, and they were hung round the necks of the criminals by stout chains, which inflicted galling sores. The stones were in the shape of a shield, and, in the case of a dishonest person, the word "Thief" was inscribed on it in letters so large that anyone could read. Garden thieves had a special stone of their own. On the front a head was engraved, whilst on the top was a crown, holding a bunch of flowers and a dish of fruit. For gamblers the stone had deeply-cut engravings of playing-cards, dice, etc. The weights kept the wearers doubled up, but so that they should not obtain ease by resting the stone on the floor, the chain was a very short one.

A few hours of the stone was quite enough to cure a criminal—at least temporarily, for it was many days before the effects wore off. After wearing it, he would not be able to straighten his back for weeks without terrible twinges of pain, whilst it was often months before the wounds in his neck healed sufficiently to allow him to forget his punishment.

Stone Neck-Weight for Thieves.

EARLY last century a police officer, called George Vaughan, was found guilty, with some other hangers-on, of inciting to crime, in order to secure the reward offered on conviction, and at the trial many revolting circumstances came to light. Vaughan and two men, called Mackey and Brown, induced five youths, one aged only thirteen, to break into a house, so that they might procure some two hundred pounds. A fellow of the name of Drake, who had been a lieutenant in the navy, was employed by the bloodhunds to arrange the "crack," and they, at the proper moment, came up and took the young dupes into custody. Vaughan's accomplices were each sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and he to be transported.

A Desperate Struggle in the Strand

ON Friday, July 12, 1861, about noon, the first floor of No. 16, Northumberland Street, Strand, a house let out in chambers, was the scene of one of the most desperate fights ever recorded.

Some workmen heard shots, and saw a man, with his face covered with blood, climb out of a first floor window and slide down to the ground by a waterpipe. This man, Major William Murray (late of the 10th Hussars), was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, where it was found that in front of his right ear was a long superficial wound, that his legs were much contused, and that on the back of his head, between the right jaw and the neck, was a circular mark, surrounded by burnt and scorched hair, in the centre of which was a jagged opening, into which a little finger could just be inserted, the aperture being the commencement of a wound which led by a long downward track to the spine, and, on sounding this, the probe alighted on a bullet, which was, with great difficulty, extracted.

Into the house, from which the major had escaped, the police forced an entrance at the back, and an appalling sight met their eyes. A pool of blood lay near the fireplace, and another near the window. A broken table was overturned, and pistols and broken champagne bottles lay scattered about. Drawers were pulled out, and papers scattered in the blood. There was blood sprinkled on everything.

The next room was found to be in the same condition, and on the floor crouched a man, with just life enough left in him to say that his injuries had been inflicted by the person who had escaped. He was a bill discounter, called Roberts. His head showed thirteen distinct wounds, and the skull was almost reduced to a pulp, one cheek-bone was caved in, the temporal artery divided, the eyes closed, the flesh ruptured, and the whole face beaten to a jelly. His left shoulder was terribly bruised, both hands badly injured, and one finger broken. He, too, was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, and there died on the 19th without saying a word respecting the life for life struggle that had taken place.

The story the major told was a strange one. He said he had never seen Roberts before that day, and had never heard of him, nor entered the office before. Roberts met him in the street, and, under a pretence of purchasing some shares in the Grosvenor Hotel Company, of which the major was one of the directors, induced him to come upstairs. "I thought it," said Murray, "one of the most extraordinary places I had ever seen—torn papers, bottles, and pictures lying about—a most disreputable-looking place. I sat with my back to the folding-doors. He walked round behind me, and began rummaging about the papers of a desk. I took no particular notice. Presently I felt a touch at the back of my neck. There was the report of a pistol, and I dropped off my chair to the floor. I was perfectly paralysed. I could not move any part of my body, but my head was clear. I believe he left the room. After some time, I felt returning life in my legs and arms. I was just raising myself on my elbow when I heard a door open. He fired a pistol into my right temple. I dropped back, and the blood gushed over my face in a regular torrent. He stooped over me, and I felt his breath. I pretended to be dead. I felt that if I could get on to my feet I could make a fight for it. When he moved away I clutched a pair of tongs lying within reach. Hearing me move, he came back. I tried to smash his head with the tongs. He got them in his hands. I caught up a large bottle, and hit him full on the forehead, and smashed it to pieces. He did not let go the tongs. I got away the tongs at last, but fell backwards. He was lying on the floor, and half rose as I did, and I struck him a full, fair blow at his head with the tongs with all my might and main. I repeated it three or four times, and he hid his head under the table to escape my blows. I then hit him on the back of the neck, and over the wrists. I then tried to get out, but found the doors locked, then turned and met him face to face. I felled him again with the tongs and he fell, as though dead, and I escaped." In the end it turned out that Roberts had lured the major to his rooms to do him to death. The major had a chère amie. The bill discounter, though a married man with a family, fell in love with her, and therefore wanted to clear away the major. The major died twenty-four years later at Monte Carlo, aged seventy-five.

Made Light of It.

A POOR Paddy was tried by court-martial in 1798 for the offence of having a light in his cabin after 9 p.m. He was sentenced to death, but the president asked him from what tree he would like to be hanged.

"A gooseberry tree," was his ready reply.

"Too low!" shouted the president.

"Ah, yer honour," said Paddy, "we can wait until it grows!"

The Killing of Heloise Thaubin

By GIOVANNI LANI.

Commonly known as
THE HAYMARKET MURDER,

"Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own."
—DRYDEN.

MURDER which attracted a considerable degree of public attention was perpetrated in a house of ill-fame in Arundel Court, Haymarket, on the 24th of February, 1858, when Heloise Thaubin was strangled by a young Italian, named Giovanni Lani.

It has always been a reproach to the English nation that those unfortunate women who in the Continental cities are under the strict surveillance of the police, and are confined to the houses in which they carry on their abandoned trade, are in our great cities permitted to practise their meretricious allurements in the open streets. Whether a vice which is thus exposed to the public gaze, and, therefore, of necessity under some degree of moral control, is more destructive to national morality than the same vice concealed from view and not forcing itself into notice, has been a question much discussed.

At all events, the open scandal has thus far worked its own abatement, that the behaviour of this class of unfortunates has become much more decent, and those scandalous scenes which many years ago were rife in our public streets—and notably in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange—now seldom occur. But there is not wanting evidence that the nuisance partially survives.

It was one of the pitiable women who thronged the streets who was the victim of the tragedy referred to, and she perished by the hands of a foreigner whose antecedents proved to be as vile as her own. The evidence which was produced in investigating the transaction tore aside the decent veil of obscurity which covers such a life, and exposed one of the worst phases of London society in its most hideous deformity.

At the coroner's inquest on the body of the woman, Theophile Moutin said that he had known the deceased about ten months. Her name was Heloise Thaubin, and he had lived in the same house with her, No. 8, Arundel Court, for the four months prior to her death. The deceased occupied a room on the third floor; she was about 32 years of age, and was a married woman, but had been separated from her husband, who was a foreman in a machine manufactory near Paris. He saw her alive at about half-past two on the Wednesday morning. At that time she was in Moutin's room at supper. Another person, M. Deschamps, was in the room at the time, and took half a glass of beer with the deceased. About half-past two o'clock she took a candle and went upstairs to her own room, after saying "Good night!" to him. A few minutes afterwards Moutin's wife went up and asked the deceased for a book which she had promised to lend her. Moutin then went to bed, rose at his usual time in the morning, went out about 11 o'clock, and returned about three-quarters of an hour afterwards to breakfast.

He went out with M. Deschamps for a walk. Having had breakfast, he went up to the door of deceased's room, and, finding it locked, knocked five or six times loudly at it. This was about a quarter past twelve.

Finding he could get no answer, he asked a person who occupied the next room whether she had seen the lady go out. She replied that she had not seen her go out that morning, but that she might have gone without her seeing.

Moutin then went away, thinking that he should see the deceased in the course of the day. His business was that of a commission agent for French houses. Between six and seven he returned home to dinner, and asked the servant if she had seen Madame Heloise come back. He received a reply in the negative, and then went to dinner. Thinking it was strange that the deceased should not have returned, he again went upstairs, and asked a sick person who lodged in an adjoining room whether she had seen Madame Heloise go in or come out to-day. As he was going downstairs his wife said to him, "It is very curious; it is like as if her presentiment has come true."

On the previous night at supper Heloise said, when M. Deschamps came in, "Leave the door open, so that this man does not steal my watch. I am afraid of him." She was speaking about a man who was sleeping in her room. She then told a story of one of her friends in Paris who had been attempted to be killed by strangulation in the night, and said that, her friend not coming down in the morning, she caused her door to be broken open, and there found her swimming in her blood. But, she added, "That woman, my friend, recovered of the injuries she received, though she was ill for one year afterwards," and she finished by saying, "I hope such a thing will not happen to me, mais j'ai peur! mais j'ai peur!" (But I am afraid! afraid of it!)

Between half-past seven and eight o'clock Moutin again went upstairs with the servant and two or three women living in the house. He knocked at the door and called out aloud three times, "Heloise! Heloise! Heloise!"

But there was no response. The key was not in the door in the inside, and Moutin looked through the keyhole, but could see nothing but the curtain of the bed, and the door was then pushed violently open. At the time several persons were present, Madame Moutin, the two servants, Madame Virginie, Madame Sylvestre, a woman called Paumire—in short, every person in the house went upstairs.

They went into the room, which they found in a very disordered state. On a table was madame's bonnet. Her dress and her mantle were on the floor. The sofa had been moved from the place where it generally stood. Two pillows were found on the bed with something black between them.

Moutin said, "Are you asleep?" But there was no answer. Taking the counterpane and blanket off a little, he found the woman in a doubled-up position, lying on her chest and face, her arms twisted behind her, and the palms of her hands turned outwards, some blood on the sheets and oozing from her mouth. She was dead from strangulation. There were marks of hands on her neck, and she was twisted in the bedclothes. Immediately the Frenchman cried out, "Poor Heloise! She is dead!" He covered her over, and, going to the door, said, "No one shall enter here. Heloise is dead; send for the doctor and the police."

He stopped at the door until a neighbour, a publican, and the doctor came. Very soon there were persons on the stairs—another lodger, some men, and two women—and a minute afterwards a policeman arrived. When the doctor came he was conducted into the room, and, looking at the form in bed, said, "She is dead—dead from strangulation."

Horrible! When the doctor left the room the policeman locked it; he put a padlock on. It was found that many articles were missing; the watch was gone, some jewellery also.

Then a lady of the establishment—Julie Levi—gave her version of the story, somewhat as follows:

She said that on the Tuesday night Heloise came home and was quickly joined by a monsieur. He spoke to the servant; he asked about the lady with whom he had spoken at the door, and who was with another lady. He said, "Where is madame?" The servant thought Julie Levi was asked for, and she opened the parlour door to admit the visitor, whom she recognised as a gentleman who had spoken to her in Waterloo Place.

He asked if she were a Frenchwoman. He did not speak English well, and he spoke to her in bad French.

Levi said, "You are not French, either." He said that he was an Italian. Before this Levi had commenced to speak to him in German, but he did not answer to it. As has been already stated, the woman had met monsieur on a previous occasion in Waterloo Place, when he made propositions to her which she declined.

He asked her name, but she replied that it was not necessary for her to tell him her name. He said he would call on her, and she replied, "When you come, ask for madame." Afterwards she spoke to several French girls in Waterloo Place, who told her that he had made similar propositions to them, which they also declined. Upon her return home, she found the same man speaking to the deceased and Madame Virginie. He seemed principally to look after women who had plenty of jewellery about them.

When he came to the house he repeated his proposition to Levi, but she again declined, stating that she expected a

friend to call on her. He then said to the servant, "Go and fetch me the little short girl with whom I was talking—the one who was with the tall one." She fetched the deceased, and they both went up to the third floor. Nothing more of them was heard by Levi until next morning, when she asked the servant if she had cleaned all the rooms; she said all but that of Madame Heloise, who had gone out and taken the key with her. Heloise was in the habit of going out in the morning.

In the evening Levi saw M. Theophile on the stairs, who said, "Mon Dieu! Heloise est mort!"

The only person who seems to have seen the assassin at his departure from the house was Eliza Disher, an English-woman, the wife of a tailor. This woman passed him on the stairs, and described him as a man dressed in a loose coat and a hat turned up very much at the sides, and his face seemed to be very red. She had also heard Madame

MOUTIN SAID, "ARE YOU ASLEEP?"

Virginie go up to the door of Madame Heloise's room the previous night or early in the morning, and when the book was handed out to her by the man she heard Madame Virginie say, "Why did you not give it to me, Madame Heloise?" and the reply was, "I am in bed, Madame Virginie." Disher also affirmed that she heard some groans proceeding from a room upstairs during the night, but, as a sick woman inhabited one of them, she thought that they proceeded thence.

A word as to the physical tortures endured by the unhappy woman in the silence of the night. The doctor failed to observe anything particular beyond the way in which the body was lying. This he turned over, and found the chest and abdomen rather warm. The general appearance of the body was livid and ecchymosed, the face was swollen, the features distorted, and eyes prominent, with the pupils dilated. There was mucus running from the nose, the tongue was protruding and swollen. On the lower front of the windpipe a dark, livid spot was visible, about the size of a fourpenny-piece, and the fingers were contracted and the nails livid. On removing the skull at the post-mortem examination it was ascertained that death had been occasioned by strangulation. Pressure on the windpipe was the immediate cause of death.

From the description of the person who had passed that night with the deceased woman the police had no difficulty in going to a lodging-house in Finsbury Square frequented by respectable foreigners. They ascertained that a young Italian, named Giovanni Lani, answering to the description of the suspected person, had been staying at that house, that his avowed purpose was to proceed to Monte Video, and that he had engaged a berth in the "Pride of the Thames," then lying in the river, that he was absent on the night of the murder, and that on his return at four o'clock on the following afternoon his face appeared to have received some injury, which, the waiter remarking, Lani said, "Yes, I have been playing with the cat on board ship, and she has scratched my face." To which the waiter replied, "I think it must have been a human cat, sir." The observation appeared to annoy Lani, who soon after called for his bill, after paying which he sent for a cab, placed his luggage therein, and went away.

On this information the officers proceeded down the river. The "Pride of the Thames" had actually sailed, but, having occasion to stop at Greenhithe to take in gunpowder, had anchored there. The police boarded the ship, and informed the officers in charge of the object of their visit.

The mate said it was quite true that a young Italian, who called himself Giovanni Lani, was on board, adding that at that moment he was at breakfast in the cabin with seven or eight other passengers.

On perceiving strangers enter, Lani appeared anxious to avoid their observation, but, on being told that they were officers, and that they desired to inspect his luggage, he offered no objection, and quietly stood by while they examined

his baggage. This consisted of a small leather portmanteau, of foreign manufacture, a foreign hatbox, and an accordion in a mahogany case.

The portmanteau was first opened, and on raising the lid a rosewood cotton and needle box, containing a portrait-brooch belonging to the deceased, was discovered immediately beneath. The officer, after examining the contents, held up the box to the observation of Lani, who merely remarked in broken English, "Me bought it; me bought it."

The officers were now quite satisfied as to their man, and expressed to the mate their intention of taking Lani into custody. When this was explained to him Lani declared in Italian that he would not go with the officers, adding that, if they attempted to take him, he would drown them before they got ashore.

The prisoner's observation was translated by one of the female passengers to the officers, who thereupon exhibited a pair of handcuffs, which had a wholesome effect on the prisoner's behaviour.

He now came ashore quietly, and accompanied the officers to a wayside inn, where he was detained in safe custody, pending the arrival of the commander of the "Pride of the Thames" from London. When the captain made his appearance the officers obtained a most important piece of evidence against the suspected man by the production of a quantity of the deceased woman's apparel, which the skipper explained had been handed to him by Lani when he came on board, with a request that he would take care of it for him during the voyage, as his own boxes were not large enough to contain the articles without injuring them.

The person thus arrested was a native of Domo d'Ossola, in Piedmont, and was about twenty-one years of age.

When placed at the bar he appeared quite unaffected by his position, and his behaviour was less than indifferent; it was marked by a degree of levity. He was immediately identified by the woman to whom he had spoken and by the women in the house, and at the magisterial examination at Marlborough Street the following additional particulars were produced:

Virginie Sylvestre, already mentioned, declared that she and the deceased woman were together in Waterloo Place on the Tuesday night, and asked him to go home with them. Madame Levi passed at the time, and the prisoner said, "That is a woman I have an appointment with at eleven o'clock." He left the women at the corner of the Haymarket, when he said that if he did not keep his appointment with the other woman he would go to one of them.

The deceased replied, "Let me alone!" and the prisoner said, "Good night!" and walked away. The two women then walked up the Haymarket, and in a short time Ann Brown came after them, and spoke to the deceased at the corner of Jermyn Street, saying that a gentleman was waiting for her at Arundel Court. The deceased walked towards Arundel Court, and the servant walked behind. Virginie went back to that establishment about one o'clock in the morning, and called out to Heloise to come to supper. The deceased was about an hour or so at supper, and then left the room and went upstairs to her bedroom.

The case came on for trial at the Central Criminal Court before Mr. Justice Crompton, on April 9, 1858, the prisoner being defended by Mr. Tindal Atkinson and Mr. Austin.

The circumstances created very great public interest, and long before the usual hour for the commencement of the proceedings a great number of persons were in attendance, anxious to obtain admission into the court. The greatest precautions had been taken by the Under-Sheriffs to prevent confusion and inconvenience to parties having business to transact in the court, and, through the excellent arrangements made by them, the trial proceeded in the most orderly and regular manner, and befitting so solemn an inquiry. A number of gentlemen and persons of distinction were accommodated with seats upon the Bench, among whom were the Earl of Munster, Lord Burghirsh, Lord H. Lennox, Count Corti (the secretary of the Sardinian Legation), Mr. Heath (the Consul-General of Sardinia), etc.

The prisoner, who is described as a remarkably mild, gentlemanly-looking youth, a whitesmith by trade, stood during the whole of the day leaning upon the front of the dock, and apparently paid the deepest attention to the evidence of the different witnesses, and he did not exhibit any of the levity manifested by him at the police-court.

The evidence already summarised was repeated at the trial, with only a few additions of minor importance.

With such proof it became a matter for speculation how counsel for the defence would treat the matter, and it must be said that Mr. Tindal Atkinson, in his address to the jury on behalf of the prisoner, displayed great ability and eloquence.

Having, first of all, called the attention of the jury to the dreadful character of the crime of which the prisoner was accused, counsel said he hoped to be able to induce them at least to pause before they returned a verdict the effect of which would be to send the young man at the bar, and who, indeed, might be said to have hardly arrived at manhood, to a dreadful and ignominious death. He said there could be no doubt as to the character of the women who were the principal witnesses for the prosecution, and he observed that, although one of them, Virginie Sylvestre, had denied that she was a gay woman, the evidence left no doubt that she was habituated to the same course of life as the others, and he was sure that the jury would not place such implicit reliance upon evidence of persons of this description that they would upon the testimony of respectable people.

He said that it appeared to him that additional evidence might have been laid before them as to what took place in the house that night, and that the servant, Ann Brown, and the sick woman, who was in the room adjoining the one occupied by the deceased, might have given important evidence, and yet neither of them had been called by the prosecution.

He then proceeded to argue that, even supposing the jury should come to the decision that it was the hand of the prisoner that destroyed the life of the deceased, the evidence did not establish conclusively that the crime amounted to murder, and that the jury would be justified, upon the facts, in convicting the prisoner of manslaughter only.

He put it to the jury whether it was not probable that a dispute took place between the prisoner and the deceased in reference to the amount of money he was to give her, and that she scratched his face, and that this act had aroused his Italian blood, and, in an instant, and in the heat of passion, he destroyed her by strangling her.

If the death occurred in this manner the offence was manslaughter and not murder, and he said that if the jury believed this was the true explanation of the case, they ought to acquit the prisoner of the crime of wilful murder and convict him of the lesser offence only.

He then commented upon the suggestion on the part of the prosecution that the murder was premeditated, and that it was committed with the object of robbery; but he said he could not believe it was possible for the prisoner to have contemplated such an awful crime in order to possess himself of the trumpery articles of jewellery that were upon the person of the unfortunate deceased, and that it was much more likely that the death took place in the way he had suggested, and that the robbery was a mere afterthought.

The learned counsel then observed upon the discrepancy in the evidence which had been given with reference to the sort of coat that was worn by the prisoner on the night of the murder, and he said this did not exclude the probability that the deceased might have been killed by some other person, and that this view of the matter was confirmed by the witness Disher, who stated that when she saw the prisoner there were no marks or scratches on his face.

The learned counsel concluded by earnestly exhorting the jury to weigh the whole case carefully before they returned a verdict the inevitable effect of which would be to consign the prisoner to the scaffold.

After the judge's brief charge, the jury, after a very short consultation, returned into court with a verdict of guilty.

Asked if they were of opinion that the crime was committed with a view to robbery, the jury replied that they were unanimously of that opinion.

The verdict of the jury was explained to the prisoner, and he was asked whether he had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. The convict said he left himself entirely in the hands of justice, and then the usual proclamation for silence was made while sentence of death was passed on the prisoner.

In pronouncing the dread sentence, after he had adjusted the black cap, the judge addressed the prisoner in the following manner: "Giovanni Lani, you have been convicted by a very patient and attentive jury of the crime of wilful murder, a murder of a very barbarous and brutal description. It appears that you went to pass the night with this unhappy woman, and that you sent her to her account without a minute's notice, and probably while she was sleeping by your side, and there can be very little doubt that you destroyed her for the wretched purpose of stealing the trifling articles which were in her possession. From what has been disclosed in this case there appears very little doubt that the robbery you intended to commit was of the description known by the

word 'garotte,' and it is as well that it should be known by persons who commit this sort of offence that, although they may not in the first instance contemplate the destruction of life, yet that, if that is the result of their violence, they are amenable to the charge of murder, and are liable to receive the most severe punishment of the law. When you committed this crime you must have been aware of the consequences that would ensue if you did not succeed in making your escape from this country with the proceeds of your evil deed. You were detected, and you must be aware that no hope now remains for you. I cannot hold out any hope to you; all I can do is to exhort you to prepare by prayer and penitence for the great change which you must so soon undergo." His lordship concluded by passing sentence of death upon the prisoner in the usual form.

The prisoner intimated that he did not understand the nature of the sentence that was passed upon him, and an Italian interpreter explained to him that he was condemned to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, and that his body would be afterwards buried within the walls of the prison. The prisoner replied in Italian that he was a minor, and that he believed that a minor could not be sentenced to death. The judge explained that in this country a minor was liable to be executed, and the prisoner was then removed from the bar.

It is seldom, indeed, that one sees a case in which the proofs were so clear, so numerous, so strong, where the criminal has not been taken in the act, and the murder of Heloise Thaubin adds another to the many instances already upon record of the blindness with which men who have given themselves up to the instigations of the devil proceed to consummate their design. But in this case there is something peculiarly striking in the infatuation of Lani to suppose that he could so notoriously associate himself with his victim, and, in a house filled with people, to all of whom his being under its roof was known, that he would be able to commit the double crime of robbery and murder without detection.

The story, indeed, is one from beginning to end of the most astonishing character. We have not in this case to look for any of the ordinary motives which incite to murder. It was not a case of meditated revenge or sudden anger; nor was it one in which jealousy hurries its victim into the commission of crime. It mattered not to Lani who expired in his treacherous embrace; and, for any choice he had in the matter, it might as well have been the German Jewess whom he had first selected on account of the more profuse display of jewellery.

There were two circumstances connected with the convict, who was executed on the 20th April, 1858, after having confessed, which have not been mentioned.

The vessel in which he was to have sailed for South America had on board a vicious bull, which was to have been conveyed to Valparaiso. The bull, not liking his quarters, became violent, and broke down all the barriers which interposed between himself and his fellow-passengers. This occasioned a delay of twenty-four hours. If this singular accident had not occurred the vessel would have been far down the Channel when the officers arrived at Greenhithe, there being at the time a strong easterly wind. Another fact mentioned in connection with the prisoner was that, when he was at the offices of the owners of the vessel, he had in his hands a piece of chain, which he manipulated in a very skilful manner, previously calling the attention of the clerks to the circumstance, and remarking that by such a process he could at once choke anyone he pleased. This fact taken by itself would, of course, be of no importance, but viewed in connection with the crime for which he was convicted, it appears to have had some significance.

A QUAKER came before two judges at an assize in Ireland as a witness, when he made frequent use of the words "also" and "likewise." "Pray, witness," cried one of their lordships, "why do you vary those words so often? Have not they both the same signification?" "No, truly," said the Quaker; "their meaning is very different, as, for example: Serjeant Bettsworth is a judge upon this Bench; thou art one also, but not like wise."

A LITTLE lawyer appearing to give evidence in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic counsel what profession he was of. Having replied that he was an attorney. "You a lawyer! Why, I could put you in my pocket!" "Very likely you may," rejoined the other, "and if you do you will have more law in your pocket than ever you had in your head."

Poisons;

THE MYSTERIOUS DRUGS which silently deal death, now popularly described for the first time . . .

HEMLOCK.

THOUGH hemlock has had a reputation as a deadly poison from time immemorial, and certainly is a fairly potent drug, there have been few cases of actual murder through its use. In olden times, it was the chief component of the poison which used to be given to criminals to effect their death, and it was also the means which those who desired to commit suicide most frequently had recourse to. Still, in the hands of the secret poisoner, it rarely effected its purpose.

The hemlock plant grows throughout almost the whole of the Temperate Zone, and is one of the commonest weeds in the hedgerows which enclose our meadows. The plant prefers positions where the soil is coarse, such as ditches, and is regarded with great disfavour by farmers, for where there is much hemlock the hay from the land is not of good quality. The whole plant is spotted with purple spots, the leaves are large and coarse, the flower an umbel, much resembling the flower of the carrot.

When bruised, the whole plant—stem, leaves, and flowers—give off a most offensive odour, recalling to the mind the effluvia from a badly-kept white mouse's cage. It is this smell which has balked the secret poisoner many times in the history of the world, for a strong will is required to drink the nauseous juice of the hemlock. It is said that the philosopher Socrates was poisoned with a decoction of hemlock, and Theophrastus relates how the physician Thrasyas composed a draught of hemlock and poppy juice which brought about death painlessly.

The active principle of the hemlock is an alkaloid named conicine, a colourless, oily liquid, with an acrid, tobacco-like taste, and the characteristic odour of the plant strongly marked.

The symptoms of poisoning with hemlock are loss of power in the legs, the man staggering as if he was drunk. This is succeeded by total paralysis of the lower extremities, a loss of the power of swallowing, and partial loss of sensation. Stupor may manifest itself, and death occurs through paralysis of the respiratory organs. Apparently death is painless.

In a case of poisoning with the plant or the alkaloid, the stomach should be emptied as soon as possible by emetics, and strong coffee given. Every effort must be made not to allow the patient to be overcome with drowsiness, and compulsory exercise is very useful. Strong mustard poultices to the abdomen sometimes delay the action of the poison, but it is very deadly. There are numerous cases of accidental death through hemlock being mistaken for vegetables, but they mostly occur in children, who generally succumb in about two hours.

There has, however, been one murder trial in England where hemlock was administered with criminal intent. In the first half of the last century a Mrs. Bowyer administered a strong decoction of hemlock leaves to her child, having sweetened the mixture to coax the child to drink it. The child sipped the decoction sitting in a chair, till it lost the power of holding the cup; it became insensible and paralysed, and died within an hour. There were no morbid appearances after death.

The mother was tried at the Ipswich Assizes, when the well-known analyst, Dr. Taylor, was called in to give evidence for the prosecution. He was unable to say whether the child had died of hemlock poisoning, because the contents of the stomach had been carefully emptied out, and the organ washed before it was sent to him for analysis! On this the case for the prosecution naturally broke down, but before her death the woman admitted murdering her child in the manner described. There was a grave doubt for some time as to whether the surgeon who conducted the post-mortem examination should not be criminally prosecuted for aiding to defeat the ends of justice, but it was felt that the professional ruin which was bound to overtake him was punishment enough. This is the only modern case of hemlock poisoning in England.

Closely allied to hemlock is the œnanthe crocata, or hemlock water-dropwort, which is considered to be the most virulent of English vegetable poisons. It has never been used

criminally in England, but there is a case on record of a woman having attempted to poison her husband, in France, by putting the root of the plant into his soup. The French botanist, M. Toulmouche, identified the root as that of œnanthe, and the woman was sent to the galleys for ten years.

LESSER KNOWN VEGETABLE POISONS.

THOUGH we have dealt with the principal poisons, there remain a few which are used in various parts of the world, and which must be mentioned. Throughout Europe little is heard of the thorn apple as a poisoning medium, but in the East it has long been a favourite with the secret murderer. From time immemorial, until the middle of the last century, India was held under the sway of a body known as the Thugs. These miscreants were professional murderers, and as a rule slew their victims by means of the pocket-handkerchief, or "rumal." Their suppression was largely due to the activity of Sir Edward Bradford, the Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, who, together with General Sir E. Sartorius, V.C., hounded them down and sent many of them to the gallows. With the handkerchief they were peculiarly expert, and with one turn of the wrist could dislocate the neck of their subjects. When, however, the intended prey was a strong man, they found it necessary to drug him prior to strangling him, and to this end made use of the seeds of datura stramonium, or the thorn apple, which they mixed with his food at the rest-house where he halted on his journey.

The effect of datura varies greatly on different persons. Some are seized with giddiness, and an oppressive feeling, shortly after eating the plant, others have a rush of blood to the head, accompanied by convulsions, more or less severe. Some are taken with uncontrollable fits of laughter, and behave as if drunk, staggering about the place until they fall exhausted. It was while in this last stage, which usually succeeds the others, that the Thugs applied the fatal rumal.

The active principle of the thorn apple is an alkaloid called daturine, which is physiologically identical with atropine. It is a very powerful poison, as little as the eighth part of a grain causing death. Tannic acid is the only antidote which is effective, beyond, of course, emetics.

Another drug which is largely used in the East is cervera thivetia. The cervera is a handsome tree, with lance-shaped leaves and glorious trumpet-shaped flowers of a rich golden colour. The natives boil the flowers in water or milk and administer them to women whose death is desired, or for whom they wish to procure abortion. It acts as a violent irritant, and while invariably causing abortion, it frequently kills the prospective mother. Till comparatively lately it was ignored, and wherever the golden blossoms were seen, there, one knew, was the quarter of the town set apart for the courtesans. Now the Government of India is waging a campaign against the use of cervera, and several luckless natives have paid for the use of it with their lives.

The foxglove, or digitalis, has never been used in England for criminal purposes, but on the continent it is not unknown. In Austria, within the last year or two, there have been two cases of poisoning with the alkaloid extracted from a beautiful plant. After taking a strong decoction of foxglove, the victim experiences a feeling of lethargy which gradually develops into coma. Then a sudden change takes place, and for an hour or so the patient may be strongly convulsed. The pupils of the eye are dilated, and the pulse is small, slow, and irregular. Death is caused by paralysis of the nerves which govern the respiration, so that the person may be said to be chemically suffocated.

On looking at a field of wheat, our readers may from time to time have noticed a brown or purple blight which is sometimes seen on diseased corn. That blight is called ergot, and has more than once proved fatal in the hands of the unscrupulous. When boiled, or added to milk, it is a very strong abortifacient, and, being administered for that purpose, has brought about the death of the woman. So dangerous is it that in England it is illegal to administer it unless absolutely called for. Medical men are very much afraid of the drug, and, where they fight shy of a medicine, it is as well for uninstructed persons to decline to have anything to do with it.

Aloes are generally regarded as harmless enough, but on the list of crimes there is at least one case where the popular aperient has been used with criminal intent. For years a compound known as hiera picra, or holy bitter, was manufactured by the friars of Orders Grey, or the Augustinians, and was given to the country people. The friars were fairly good physicians, and some of their prescriptions are to-day to be found in the official list of British drugs. But the common people found that hiera picra, which is merely a mixture of aloes and canella bark, acted as a strong abortifacient, and as such it has been used time and again. The last important case in which this drug was used occurred in 1857, when a man named White was indicted at Aylesbury Assizes for administering hiera picra with criminal intent. He called a bevy of medical men to prove that the mixture was harmless, and that he could not have known of its effect, but the Treasury called an equally imposing array of forensic doctors, and in the end White was convicted of the offence with which he was charged, and went into penal servitude. After this the ancient medicine was removed from the pharmacopœia.

There is yet one more poison which was brought into prominence some twenty years ago. For ages the gipsies have known of the virtues of the meadow safron, or colchicum, and a decoction of the plant is used all over the world as a specific for gout. In the early sixties a woman named Catherine Wilson was tried at the Central Criminal Court for having attempted to poison a rival with oil of vitriol. She was acquitted, but somebody remembered that four people whom she had nursed had died very suddenly, and investigation was demanded. All the bodies were exhumed, and submitted to analysis, but, unfortunately, doctors in those days did not know as much as they do now, and while it was definitely established that they had all died from some form of vegetable poison, the agent used was not determined. One case was selected to try the issue on, namely, the death of Mrs. Soames, who had died in 1856. At the trial in 1862 it was shown that Mrs. Soames had died from a poison, and from the correspondence which had been found among the prisoner's effects, it was clear that colchicum was the vegetable used. The symptoms—burning pain in the throat, vomiting, and violent purging—pointed to aconite or colchicum being the agent. With the properties of aconite Catherine Wilson was not acquainted, but she had an exact knowledge of the effects of colchicum, and in the end was convicted of the murder. Subsequently it transpired that the drug had been administered in successive small doses, much in the manner in which Dr. Pritchard poisoned his victims, and that in the case of Mrs. Soames, the fiendish murderess had watched her victim dying for three weeks. The motive for all four murders was to obtain a paltry sum of money.

Inasmuch as hellebore, though of itself poisonous, has not been used criminally in modern times, we will omit any description of its properties beyond remarking that it is closely allied to colchicum, and, indeed, may be mistaken for it.

THAT lawyers do not always score when cross-examining is proved by the following amusing incident:

"You say that the woman was your friend?"

"Yes."

"Is she in court?"

"No, sir."

"Where is she, then? Answer at once, and remember that you are on oath, and bound to reply!"

"I am quite unable to tell you where she is," promptly replied the witness, "because she's dead."

THE following account has reached us from Charleston regarding the wreck of the Norwegian barque "Drot," bound from Pascagoula to Buenos Ayres: "The steamer 'Woodruff' brought to this port two Swedish survivors of the 'Drot.' They report that there were seventeen men on board. The captain and eight men were washed overboard, while eight others got on a raft, which soon parted, leaving two on the one section and six on the other. One of the six went overboard, two died, and the other three were provisionless and waterless."

Another despatch from Charleston states that the "Woodruff" picked up, 250 miles to the south of this port, Maurice Anderson and Goodmund Thomassen, the survivors of the "Drot." Anderson, the telegram says, is a maniac, and Thomassen is shockingly mutilated by the bites he received from his companion. Thomassen says: "Those on the raft included two men on one section and six on the other section of the raft. One of the men became insane and jumped overboard, two others became exhausted and fell overboard." Anderson, Thomassen, and a German seaman drew lots among themselves, as they had not had a mouthful since they took to the raft. The lot fell on the German, and so he was killed. His blood was sucked through his veins by the other two. Soon after, Anderson lost his reason and savagely attacked Thomassen, and bit pieces from the latter's chest and face. Both have been taken to the hospital. The Norwegian Consul at Charleston has taken charge of Thomassen, who is a native of Stavanger.

Theft of an Earl's Body.

The Story of an Uncommon Crime.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."
—"Hamlet."

SINCE the days of the resurrectionists in the early part of last century, when the sorrowing relatives of the departed committed the remains of their dead to the earth in fear and trembling lest the body should be snatched, no crime has created such widespread indignation as the robbery of the embalmed corpse of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres from the family vault at Dunecht House. It was long a mystery, and, to a great extent it remains a mystery to the present day. True, a miserable mole-catcher named Soutar was found guilty of being concerned in the matter, and punished accordingly, but nobody's mind was satisfied that he alone was the perpetrator of the deed.

The earl died at Florence in the December of 1880. The body was embalmed and brought to Scotland on the 24th of that month, and on the 29th it was solemnly laid to rest with its kindred dust. Towards the end of May, 1881, a curious odour was remarked issuing from the vault, which was thought to proceed from decaying flowers. In September, however, the agent of the family received an anonymous letter, signed "Nabob," to the effect that the body of the earl was not in the vault, but removed as early as the spring. No importance was attached to this; but upon the night of December 1st a more audacious device was resorted to of convincing the family of its loss. Part of the surrounding railing of the vault was broken down, and the slab sealing the entrance was raised and propped up. Investigation soon showed what had happened. The coffins in which the body had been enclosed were empty, and the remains were nowhere to be found. Closer scrutiny revealed the fact that the desecration must have taken place months before. Every search was made in all directions for the body or the perpetrators of the outrage, but all in vain, and the friends of the late earl were completely nonplussed. Detectives were employed, and Inspctor Swanson, of the Criminal Investigation Department in London, took the matter in hand. Weeks merged into months, and still the searchers were at fault. After the hue and cry was out, another communication from "Nabob" was received by Mr. Alsop, the family lawyer in London, in which the writer tried to make conditions for revealing the spot where the body was concealed, but the family refused to offer any reward for the recovery of the corpse. Long before this the wretched mole-catcher, a discharged gamekeeper on the estate, named Soutar, began to throw out mysterious hints as to his knowledge of a body he had seen put away in Echt Woods, but little attention was paid to his tales, as the man was looked upon in the locality as an idle, worthless fellow, whose word was not to be credited. The attempt to trade on the outraged feelings of the family not proving successful, the depredator began to show his hand more openly, and entered into communication with a gamedealer in Aberdeen. The man who did this was Charles Soutar, and his confidant was George Machray. To the latter Soutar mentioned more than once that he knew where the body was, but Machray paid no heed to his statement. Afterwards, in a house in Aberdeen, he said he could disclose the exact spot where the body lay, but under the conditions that the earl's family were to find out who took the remains and give life protection to himself. He wanted Machray to take a message to Detective Castle, who was at that time investigating the case in Aberdeen, and the gamedealer went to Castle's house but did not find him. Soutar afterwards said in a conversation with Machray that he did not know who the parties were who took the body, and would not reveal to his friend where it was. On a third ineffectual visit to Castle's house, Machray, of his own initiative, went to the police office and gave information, upon which Soutar was apprehended.

On 17th July, 1882, Soutar was brought before Sheriff Comrie Thomson, the advocate who afterwards defended Monson in the Ardlamont case, and was shown the letter signed "Nabob," which had been sent to Mr. Yeats, in Aberdeen, the agent for the Dunecht estates. He at once admitted having written it, and also the other to Mr. Alsop in London. He declared that he knew nothing of the removal of the body except that he found it in a wood where he was poaching. He had no gun and no dog, only a net, and there was no one with him. He described where he went, and said that in a wood he saw something.

"I may as well tell the whole story," he remarked, "but my life is threatened if I reveal what I saw, and I should like some protection before telling. I was threatened at the time—not since. In the wood I heard a twig break, and stopped to listen. I then heard a rustle on the opposite side, and thought it keepers trying to surround me. I ran for the thickest part of the wood, but was tripped up by a third party. When I looked, there were two men above me, holding me down. They seemed young-like chaps of middle size, and I felt a wincey shirt. Their faces were blacked, and they had neither coats nor caps on. They were soon joined by two others, who were tall, but were without coats or hats. Their faces were masked half way down, and they had white shirts. One of the tall men pushed a pistol towards my breast, and said, 'Remove your arm, I'll settle him!' One of the men holding me down said, 'It's all right; it's the ratcatcher. He's poaching.' After some whispers they called to the other tall man to come, which he did, and the three whispered something that I could not hear. Then all came close, and told the man holding me to let me get up. Asked by the tall one with the pistol if I were alone, I said I was, and was poaching. He replied that it was well for me, as if I had been a spy on their movements I would not have seen the light of another day, adding, 'Remember, you're known to our party, and, if you breathe a syllable of what you have seen, I will have your life if you're on the face of the earth.' Then they went, and I poached, but returned to the place at daylight and found where they had concealed something. It was a heap. I opened it up, and found a blanket, at which I gave a pull. There was the dead body of a man inside, and, after looking, I covered it up again. My impression at the time was that the man had been murdered. The smell stuck to my hands for half a day. I thought it was benzoline, and that an attempt had been made to destroy the body by burning it with some chemical. I then walked to Aberdeen. There I saw Cowe, a plasterer at Dunecht, and another whom I don't know, but who had been employed at Dunecht. They were talking about the chapel and house. Cowe said the vault where the old lord was buried had been closed up because of a sweet smell coming from it like decaying flowers, or wine, or benzoline. Then it occurred to me that the smell of the body in the wood was like that, and a few days after I went to the wood by day, and found the body undisturbed. The men who tripped and held me spoke the Aberdeen dialect. The men with white shirtsleeves seemed gentlemen, and spoke like educated men. The taller appeared to be the leader."

Lord Balcarres.

He declined to take the police to where the body was. He would rather wait, he said, till they got those who took the body. It would be safer for him then.

It may be as well to mention here that the plasterer Cowe, at Soutar's trial at Edinburgh, denied in toto the statement made by the prisoner regarding the conversation with him.

Shortly after the arrest of Soutar, the search for the body, which had flagged somewhat, was resumed with redoubled vigour. On Tuesday, the 18th July, Michael Fraser, a gamekeeper at Dunecht, was out with a party under Police-sergeant Brandie. He had an iron probe with him to assist in the search, and was going up the side of a ditch using the implement. Suddenly the probe went down and rebounded as though it had struck some elastic substance, and Fraser resolved to examine the spot. He made a hole with the probe, and took out the earth. Then he put down his fingers, and found them catch on some wool. When he saw that he

called to other searchers, and got a spade. After putting aside the earth, he discovered it was a blanket his fingers had touched. He lifted a very small portion of the blanket, and saw beneath what he considered to be a human body, so he called to Sergeant Brandie to come to his assistance. They did not take sufficient earth off, however, to see the features. When some people were fetched from Aberdeen, the body was lifted and placed in the old chapel in the house, where Fraser saw it, and recognised it without difficulty. There was nothing about the surface of the ground where it was found to attract attention. The place had been searched before, but not probed, and the depth of earth over the remains was only eleven to thirteen inches. The ditch was old, water seldom ran in it, and it was fast filling up with decayed leaves.

The trial of Charles Soutar, molecatcher, Aberdeen, on the charge of "violating the sepulchre of the dead" at the mortuary, Dunecht House, Aberdeenshire, and carrying away the dead body of the late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, on a date unknown, but alleged to be between 1st April and 8th September, 1881, began in the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on October 23rd, 1882, before Lord Craighill and a jury. The Crown Prosecutor was Alexander Asher, Q.C., M.P., Solicitor-General for Scotland; and the prisoner was defended by the Dean of Faculty, J. H. A. Macdonald, Q.C.

THE COFFIN WAS OPEN AND THE BODY GONE!

The great and general interest felt in the case was well evinced by the immense crowd which at an early hour besieged the entrance doorway of the High Court.

Alexander Cruickshank, Inspector of Works, Aberdeen, was employed to make the plans of the mortuary chapel. The vault was underneath the chapel, and there was no entrance to it either from the chapel or the house. There was only one entrance, which was on the outside.

John Wright, steward to the Duke of Westminster, said he was formerly butler to the late Earl of Crawford. On 13th December, 1880, he got a telegram from the countess, from Florence, announcing the death of the earl. He went to Florence, reaching there on the 16th December. The body had been placed in the coffin, a leaden shell, closed, and placed in a case. It was entrusted to him for transmission to Scotland. This was on the 18th December, and he arrived at Aberdeen on the 24th with the coffin in the same condition as when given in charge to him. The body was taken to Dunecht, and placed in the chapel. Mr. Allan, the undertaker, transferred the metal case with its contents to a new coffin, and the funeral took place on the 29th, when the body was placed in the vault.

In the evidence of Mr. William Yeats, advocate, Aberdeen, it was stated that on the 7th of September, 1881, he received an anonymous letter, which ran as follows:—

"Sir,—The remains of the late Earl of Crawford are not beneath the chapel at Dunecht, as you believe, but were removed hence last spring, and the smell of decayed flowers ascending from the vault since that time will, on investigation, be found to proceed from another cause than flowers.

"Nabob."

He thought the message was only to give annoyance, but he made a copy of it, and sent it to the family. On 1st December he received another communication. It was from the overseer, Mowat, informing him that the vault was found open that morning. He gave information to the police, and went out with them immediately. Inspector Cran accompanied him, and the Echt constable was there. On arriving at Dunecht he proceeded to the vault and found the slab covering the entrance raised about eighteen inches. The vault was entered by descending a stair covered with pavement slabs resting on the sides of the square. The outer slab was raised. It was about six feet long by four broad, and they had to raise it further to allow himself and Cran to enter the vault. On going in, they discovered the coffin drawn out of the recess in which it had been placed, and lying in the centre of the vault. It was open, and the body was gone. The lead covering had been torn or cut up, and the inner case was in one place, and the outer coffin put aside in another. There were three coffins—an outer wooden coffin, an inner wooden coffin in which the body had been brought from Italy, and a metal shell inside.

There was a great array of witneses, and they all gave evidence bearing directly or indirectly upon the case, but there is no need to recapitulate everything here, since we already know the main facts of the affair. After the prisoner's declaration had been read, the Solicitor-General addressed the jury for the Crown.

He said the prisoner was charged with violating the sanctuary of the dead by taking from the vault at Dunecht the body of the late Lord Crawford. That, he was glad to say, was a crime of rare occurrence. It was a crime which peculiarly excited feelings of horror in everyone's mind, as it involved outrage upon feelings all respected—a sentiment of love and affection towards the remains of a relative on the part of those left behind. There could be no doubt the crime had been committed, and the circumstances were such as to suggest someone connected with the district committed it. The case he submitted for the Crown was that, on prisoner's

own confession, he was the writer of the "Nabob" letters, and that he had carefully abstained from communicating with the police. Ultimately he disclosed step by step to persons with whom he came in contact hints and statements for the purpose of directing attention to what had occurred, and at last sent a message to a representative of Lord Crawford for the purpose of opening negotiations with him. Finding himself unexpectedly in the hands of the police as a consequence of making these statements, he set about weaving the tissue of misrepresentations contained in his declaration, for the purpose of giving colour to some of the facts which his intelligence knew to be too clear to be disputed. If that narrative was not to be accepted, he (the Solicitor-General) was afraid that what the prisoner had admitted, taken with the rest of the case, clearly established that this mystery had at last been found out, and that prisoner was one of the perpetrators of this outrageous crime.

The Dean of Faculty, for the defence, said the Crown was compelled to admit that the crime was not committed by the prisoner alone, but by two at least. He combatted the statement by the Solicitor-General that Soutar was compelled to make up the story told in his declaration on finding himself unexpectedly in the hands of the police, showing from the evidence that it was the same story from first to last. Supposing Soutar guilty, it was inconceivable that, knowing there was one man guilty along with him, he should have made the stipulation to disclose where the body was on condition they should first catch the man. By so doing he would have been putting himself in a most dangerous position. On the other hand, the stipulation was reasonable on the part of an innocent person. It was his opinion such a case would never have been put before them if the Crown authorities had been left alone. If the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General had not had somebody pulling at their coat-tails this case would never have been presented to the jury. If the jury were satisfied that the prosecutor had not made out a substantial case, but that it had been entirely based upon small points that did not hang together, they would do their duty by discharging the prisoner.

The judge's summing up was a long and exceedingly careful one. So far as he could conjecture, there were only two motives possible for the commission of the crime—(1) direct vengeance or ill-will to the family on whom the outrage was committed, and (2) hope of reward such as would be sufficient compensation for all the trouble incurred. Lord Craighill favoured the latter suggestion, and showed how it was possible that the prisoner was actuated by a desire for blackmail. As to others having had a hand in the affair, he thought it was most likely, but that did not lessen the guilt of the one if prisoner were really associated with a number.

At the end of half-an-hour's deliberation the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and the judge sentenced Soutar to five years' penal servitude.

A MAN who was tried at a Norfolk assize for privately stealing a bridle from the shop of a saddler, through the humaneness of the jury escaped the consequences of the capital conviction by their bringing in a verdict of stealing only, upon which he immediately turned round and thanked them for their lenity, at the same time archly adding: "I assure you, gentlemen, I had no use for the bridle; I only meant to touch the bit, but I now find I had very nearly got a halter."

THERE has long been an idea amongst those who have had much to do with matters criminal that murderers are a special class by themselves. The following figures may throw some little light on the matter. Among the last 100 persons convicted of taking human life 14 were proved to be absolutely insane, 60 were considered to be actuated by motives inspired by momentary passion, and the balance were branded as murderers. Whether they were more or less sane than their neighbours is a mystery.

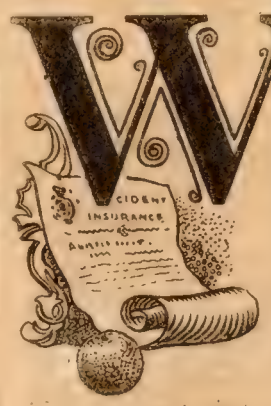
A SAILOR coming from Blackheath one evening was stopped by a footpad, who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued. The tar took the robber, and bore away with his prize to a justice of the peace at Woolwich. When the magistrate came to examine into the assault he told the sailor that he must take his oath that the robber had put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit him. The sailor, looking steadfastly at the justice, answered, "He—he put me in bodily fear! No, nor any he that ever lived; therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go, for I will not swear to any such thing."

CHANTRELLE

The French Tutor.

THE CAREER OF A CLEVER SCOUNDREL WHO POISONED HIS WIFE.

"Thou play'dst most foully for't."
—Macbeth.



WE have been told on the most infallible authority that money is the root of all evil, therefore we will admit the fact with only the cursory remark that the lack of it has been the moving factor in many of the most famous crimes that have come under our notice. Revenge, jealousy, and poverty, are all powerful motives in the commission of crime, but the greatest of these is poverty. The temptation to fill the empty pocket has made more criminals in this world than ever hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness have manufactured, and, taken in this light, certainly money is the root of all evil. It was the falling off in his income, caused by his own immoral propensities and vile passions, that placed Eugene Marie Chantrelle, once a tutor to royalty, in the dock of the High Court of Justiciary in Edinburgh on a charge of wilful murder. The empty pocket provoked the desire to refill it by felonious means, and his knowledge of chemistry suggested the method by which his object might be attained.

Seldom has a more sordid and melancholy story been told in a court of justice. Chantrelle was a teacher of languages in the Scottish capital, and at one time enjoyed an excellent reputation, and a lucrative income from his profession. When the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, then Prince Alfred, and afterwards Duke of Edinburgh, was studying at Edinburgh University, he took lessons in French from Chantrelle, who was considered the best instructor in the city. His downfall might be traced to ten years before he committed the deed which cost him his life. At that time he seduced the unfortunate girl who became his wife when she was little more than fifteen years of age. She had come under his influence at school, where he was a teacher and she a pupil. The consent of her mother to the marriage was only given that her shame might be hidden, and almost from the very first he was cruel to her. Again and again she had to take refuge with her mother on account of his brutality, and as often went back to him because of her natural and deep affection for her children. She knew him to be a man of immoral habits, and even went so far in the bitterness of her soul as to tell a girl friend who was about to be married of some of his misdeeds as a warning to be careful. Her own experience had been so severe that she was anxious for her friend's welfare in the matrimonial lottery. Once she had taken steps for a divorce, but shrank from the public exposure, and that same dread of scandal seemed to have been the principal, if not the sole reason for her continuing to live with her husband. Over and over again he had given her ample proof that any love he might once have felt for her had disappeared. Whispers of his irregular habits had begun to be circulated in the town, pupils were taken away, his teaching suffered, money was becoming scarcer and scarcer, and there was none to be obtained. It was when things had arrived at this pass that he seems to have deliberately planned his wife's destruction in order to supply himself with means. He had frequently boasted that he could take life without leaving a trace behind by which he

might be detected, and it would appear that he most firmly believed this.

The plan which now shaped itself in his mind was a most diabolical one. His poor, suffering wife, who had borne so much at his hands, was to be made away with in a secret and cunning manner, so that it should seem she died from an accident. But first it was necessary to assure himself that the money would be forthcoming upon her death. To that end he applied for an insurance agency, and questioned the manager as to what would constitute accidental death within the meaning of the policy. This in itself was strangely significant when taken in connection with what followed. He obtained the agency, and then proceeded to insure his wife's life for £1,000, but not in the office for which he was agent, and

SHE OBSERVED HER MASTER WAS NEAR THE WINDOW.

of which he had made his inquiries. The poor woman did not wish to be insured. She evidently had some fear of what would happen, and pleaded that she never travelled, nor run any risk whatever. She was alarmed, and told her mother so, but she could do nothing. The accomplished villain insured her in spite of herself. The way was now open for him to commit the crime which would place the insurance money at his own disposal. The manner of the murder he had probably mapped out in his own mind long before. His wife was to be poisoned by a powerful preparation of opium, which, being a fugitive vegetable poison, would leave no trace in her body after death. When dead, or nearly dead, he was to contrive an escape of gas in her bedroom to give the appearance of death having taken place from gas poisoning. That, of course, would be an accident, and he would receive the thousand pounds. It was an elaborate scheme, well thought out and skilfully planned, but it failed at the precise point of most interest to the concocter—he did not escape detection, although, alas! he was able to carry out the main part of it, and commit the murder of the unhappy woman, who was supposed to have had the drug given to her in an orange.

Madame Chantrelle was an exceptionally healthy woman, who had rarely known any illness in the course of her life, but on New Year's Day, 1878, she was taken slightly unwell, and went to bed very early. Next morning she was found by the servant, Mary Byrne, in a state of collapse, unable to speak, and moaning very loudly. Her husband, who was sleeping, as he generally did, in another room, was at once summoned. The servant, who had been given a holiday on the day previous, and who returned at ten in the evening, was sent out of the room by Chantrelle, on the pretence that the baby was crying. She left husband and wife together for a minute or two, and finding the children all asleep, returned to see if she could be of any service to her mistress. When she entered the room she observed that her master was near the window. He complained of a strong smell of gas, but the servant had perceived no such smell when she left the room, although now it was quite palpable. Chantrelle sent for a Dr. Carmichael to attend his wife for what he described as gas poisoning. When the doctor arrived he came at once to the conclusion that the case was not what it had been reported to be, and sent for Dr. Littlejohn, who was an expert toxicologist, as well as officer of health for the city and police surgeon. The two medical men arrived at the same opinion—that the symptoms were due to narcotic poisoning. Thereupon they sent the lady, who was still insensible, to the Royal Infirmary, where she was seen by Professor Maclagan, but

she died the same afternoon. On the Saturday following the husband was arrested for wilful murder.

It will be seen from the foregoing account that the evidence was wholly circumstantial. Nobody saw the drug administered to the unhappy victim, and, on the post-mortem examination taking place, no trace of poison of any sort could be found in the body. It was true the symptoms pointed to opium in some form or other, but if opium be given a considerable time before the autopsy is made, it cannot be detected in any of the organs. If death had been caused by coal-gas, as asserted by Chantrelle, on the other hand, a distinct odour of it would have been found in the cavities of the body when opened. There was no such smell, and, therefore, the death could not be put down to the cause assigned by Chantrelle.

Besides that, however, there was direct evidence that opium had been swallowed by the deceased on the morning of her death, or the evening before, when she partook of a quarter of an orange given her by the servant, the remainder being left on a plate by the bedside. The orange was considerably diminished in the morning, and a glass of lemonade drunk.

Mary Byrne, who first entered the room, saw stains on the sheet and nightdress, apparently from vomiting. On analysis, these stains were found to contain opium, and it only remained to be proved if the husband had been in possession of the drug to presume administration by him. This possession was proved by Charles Arthur, a chemist's assistant, and another who corroborated him.

On November 25th, Chantrelle had purchased a drachm of extract of opium in Edinburgh. It was sold to him on the supposition that he was a medical man, or was in some way connected with the Faculty, so that he must have been contemplating the crime as far back as that date. It was certain he tried to throw the doctors and police off the scent, but it was alleged by experts that the gas-pipe could not have been broken as it was accidentally, and the case for the prosecution was that the prisoner had broken it himself, by way of furnishing sufficient cause for his wife's death. His protestations of innocence, too, before he was actually accused of anything were not likely to proceed from one who was guiltless.

To sum up, the marriage was not happy. It had begun badly, and gone on badly. His first child was born when the couple had only been two months married. Then came ill-usage, abuse, blows, and he was systematically unfaithful. He had used threats of poison several times. His wife was in his power, and he said he was able to administer a fatal dose which no medical expert could detect afterwards. The poor woman, it appeared latterly, had gone in constant dread of her life, and there was a special motive for the crime. In October he insured his wife's life in the Accidental Insurance Company for £1,000. The policy was so framed as to take effect only in case of death. There was no provision for compensation for injury, as is usual in such instances, and the policy was accordingly issued on lower terms. Now, if madame had really died as the prisoner wished it to be believed, from accidental leakage of a gas-pipe in her bedroom, a large sum would become due from the Association. Thus there was a double motive for the prisoner's conduct. He desired to secure her death, and to make appearances such as would be in every way useful to himself. His motives for the crime, his ability to commit it, and his various ineffective attempts to hide it afterwards, all combined against him.

The case was one of the longest and most important cases ever tried in Edinburgh, and created a tremendous sensation throughout the whole of Scotland. The finest counsel at the Scottish Bar were engaged either for the Crown or the prisoner, and Lord Moncrieff, the Lord Justice Clerk, was on the Bench. Every effort was made to give the prisoner all the chances possible. There were delays and objections, and the case was fought with the utmost pertinacity. The expert evidence of the medical men went into the most minute detail, and was peculiarly exhaustive, but, as it was mostly technical, it would prove of little interest to a mere layman, therefore we have only generalised it.

The jury retired for exactly one hour, and when they returned to the court it was with the unanimous verdict of guilty.

The prisoner heard it with coolness, and, after Lord Moncrieff had pronounced sentence in the usual manner, he made the somewhat uncommon request to be allowed to make a few remarks. "Certainly," replied Lord Moncrieff, and then the prisoner, in a distinct voice, said:

"With regard to the stains found on the sheet and on the nightgown of Madame Chantrelle, I have only a few remarks to make on the chemical evidence of these stains. I have no desire to criticise the medical or chemical evidence that was given, whether I agree with it or not, nor have I any desire to make any critical remarks on the evidence given by Dr. Maclagan; nor shall I side with Mr. Falconer King, who was a witness for the defence. I am thankful to the jury for the kind way in which they have attended to the case, for it is a peculiar one. I do not expect them to be chemists, nor any of the gentlemen here present. It is said that the reaction of meconic acid and morphia could be got out of other things. I am quite willing to agree that the chemical reaction of meconic and morphia, although chemically unsatisfactory, are, from a common sense point of view, perfectly satisfactory. I am willing to admit that the dark stains on sheet and nightgown—I am speaking not so much in my own interests as in the interests of public morality and public safety, for which I have sacrificed my own life—contains sufficient evidence that opium was there. I go further, and I say that opium was there; and I am satisfied further that I did not put it there. It neither proceeded from me nor from madame, but was rubbed in there by some person. I do not know by whom. My reason for this is that I know my words go for nothing, and I do not wish them to go for anything. That

Had purchased a drachm of opium.

opium was administered or taken in a solid form is perfectly evident. It was with the naked eye, and the analysis is sufficient——"

At this juncture the Lord Justice Clerk interrupted the prisoner.

"You had better not proceed at present," he said. "If you have anything to explain, your counsel will tell you what should be done. That would be better in every way."

"Thank you, my lord," the prisoner replied. "I only wished to make a few remarks."

He was then removed, and a large crowd waited outside to see the condemned man. The execution was fixed for May 21st.

Whether Chantrelle was having a game with the judge, jury, and everyone connected with the case when he made his long speech after sentence was pronounced upon him, will, of course, never be known.

His friends made herculean efforts to save him from the scaffold, and a monster memorial, signed by many influential citizens, was sent to the Home Secretary praying for remission of the capital sentence on the ground that the evidence was entirely circumstantial. In spite of all attempts, however, to stay the hand of justice, retribution fell upon Chantrelle, who was eventually hanged within the precincts of the Calton Gaol at Edinburgh.

A CELEBRATED COLONIAL CRIMINAL.

ROBERT BUTLER

Alias Wilson.

A man whose sentences total the extraordinary term of sixty-three years.

"Why he's a villain,
Able to corrupt a thousand by example."
—MASSINGER, "The Old Law."

THE records of crime in England, if carefully perused, will give readers ample room for serious consideration; but there are other places outside this country where equally hideous atrocities are committed, and the public here know little or nothing about them further than that a small telegraphic notice appears in the papers, stating that a man has murdered his wife and children in the town of So-and-so, and there it ends.

In many Colonial towns, which are quite unknown to most people in the United Kingdom, murders of cruel and dastardly types have been perpetrated during the past fifty years, and some of them remain a mystery to this day. There are many notorious ruffians to be found in these parts, and it is now our intention to deal with one of the worst characters who has ever traversed Australia and New Zealand, and perhaps this country.

The man whom we refer to is Robert Butler, alias Wilson, alias Lee. He holds a record which would be hard to beat in any part of the world. Little is known of his life up to the year 1863, when he started his depredations in Melbourne, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. He had only been liberated some four months when he entered three dwellings in the suburbs of Melbourne, for which he was arrested, tried, and found guilty. For these escapades he served five years and six months. Again, in 1871, he was captured while entering a jeweller's shop, in the same city, and came before the judge under the name of George Lee. This time he was rewarded with five years' penal servitude, part of which was served in strict confinement.

One would have thought that he had had enough of it; but no. He appeared at the Courts in Dunedin, New Zealand, in 1876, and was sentenced to four years for burglary, four years for larceny (concurrent), and four years for another larceny (also concurrent). He had scarcely been released before he was again at his old pranks, but the charge this time was more serious.

In Cumberland Street, Dunedin, in May, 1880, there lived a family of the name of Dwyer—the husband, wife, and two children—quiet, respectable, and unassuming folk. They were early risers, as Mr. Dwyer commenced work at six o'clock in the morning. The people living next door were also astir early, for similar reasons, but on one particular morning it struck them as being peculiar that the Dwyers were not up as usual. They called from the back yard, but there was no reply, and the husband decided to go round to the front of the house and call them, remarking at the same time that perhaps they had not returned the night previous, for they knew that the Dwyers had been out. But the wife was certain that she had heard them moving about towards midnight, and also early in the morning.

The neighbour dressed himself, and walked round to the Dwyers' front door and knocked loudly several times, but no response was forthcoming. He tried the handle of the front door, and it answered readily to the touch; so he ventured inside.

One can readily imagine his horror when he found the husband and wife lying on the floor, with their throats cut from ear to ear.

He rushed into the children's room, only to find the two pretty little mites mutilated almost beyond recognition, and their throats also cut to such an extent as almost to sever their heads from their bodies. Mr. Taylor—for that was the man's name—fainted away at such an awful spectacle, and when his wife went after him to see what was delaying him, she had also to face the picture of this ghastly and gruesome tragedy.

The alarm was given, and the police called. Who could the murderer be? What was the cause of such a brutal act? everyone asked. But no one could answer. The bodies were conveyed to the mortuary to await an inquest.

At once the police took the matter in hand, and eventually found a clue, as they thought, which would bring Butler to the scaffold.

Away to the left of Dunedin, at the extreme north end of the town, lies Mount Cargill, which stands about 4,000 feet high. This mountain is densely covered with bush and thick undergrowth. Traces of Butler were not to be found anywhere in the town, and a large patrol of police and resident farmers round and about the mount set out to scour the sides in search of the man in question.

For two days they hunted high and low, but without avail. Butler had gone. On the third night after the murder a gentleman residing in William Street was surprised by a peculiar grating sound at the drawing-room window, which was immediately below his own bedroom. He lit a candle, and proceeded downstairs to ascertain the reason. As he opened the drawing-room door he saw a face at the window and a man in the act of crawling inside.

Immediately the burglar found that he was detected, he dropped and fled, but the gentleman—permit us to withhold the name—had seen the rascal's face, and would know him again. Two hours later the fire brigade were called out to the next street—High Street—where a large house was ablaze. This property belonged to a Mr. Stamford and his family. The place was gutted, and only two of the inmates were saved alive.

Suspicion pointed to Butler having been in this district from the account of the midnight visit given by the gentleman in William Street to the police, and a rigorous search was made through every corner, but Butler could not be found.

That the Stamfords' house had been fired by an incendiary the firemen had no doubts whatever. But what was the motive? Mr. Stamford was a man in a responsible position, and was respected by one and all who knew him, and it was certain that he had not injured anyone. Was Butler again the culprit? The police thought so.

For three more days the town and hills were scoured from end to end for the notorious villain, but at last in a farmer's barn, covered up with straw, the police found their man. A farmer who had been robbed had reported the theft, and it was in close proximity to his farm that Butler was arrested. The inquests had been held, and the unfortunate Dwyers and the Stamfords had been laid in their last resting place, after verdicts had been brought in of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

The news of Butler's capture flew through the town like wildfire, and the inhabitants felt considerably relieved, as the character of the man was only too well known to the law-abiding citizens. Then came his trial, and what a remarkable trial it was, lasting nearly seven days.

He refused any assistance from the Bar, declaring that he preferred to conduct his own case, and the barristers who opposed him, and also those who had listened to his cross-questioning of witnesses and his defence are not likely to forget it. Keen, shrewd, and intelligent throughout, he turned the evidence over and over until he had it so twisted about that his Honour Mr. Justice Williams found difficulty in summing up against the prisoner for murder, much as he would no doubt have liked to have done.

He was perfectly at home in the box, and his address to the jury at the conclusion was a complete masterpiece. He overhauled the witnesses for the Crown in such a way that many of them lost their heads, and gave him back his own words. He appealed to the judge several times as to the untruthfulness of their statements. He handled the police evidence and ridiculed it to scorn. For six hours this marvellous man held the court spell-bound, and full of admiration, despite the charges and his past records.

After several hours' deliberation, the jury returned. When questioned by the clerk—Butler smiled in a self-satisfied way—the jury found the murders not proven, but found the prisoner guilty of all the counts on larceny.

His Honour Mr. Justice Williams then read the prisoner a lecture, to which he paid but little attention, and eventually sentenced Butler to eighteen years' and ten years' penal servitude, to run concurrently.

Butler was removed from Dunedin to Auckland shortly after his sentence, and nothing was heard of him until 1895, when he was released from prison after having served fifteen years. He was reported to have been an exemplary man while confined, and to have behaved himself much better than one could reasonably have expected.

When the news of his discharge reached the public ear, a

general uproar was raised, and it was at last given out that he had been deported from the colony to some foreign part.

But Mr. Butler apparently did not care for his domicile in the country chosen for him, and on the 15th July, 1896, exactly a year later, we find him again before the courts in Melbourne.

It is more than likely that he was making his way across to Dunedin to avenge himself on a servant girl who had given evidence against him at the murder trial, and on whom he had vowed vengeance, if he lived out his sentence.

He was indicted on two charges of house-breaking at Richmond on the previous May 18, and three charges of the same offence at Hawthorn—these places are both suburbs of Melbourne—on the 28th day of the same month. To all the charges but one he pleaded not guilty. This was sufficient for Mr. Justice Holroyd, and he troubled little about the other offences, whether Butler was guilty or not. When questioned by his Honour, the prisoner admitted all his previous sentences, thus proving that the police were not wrong in their man.

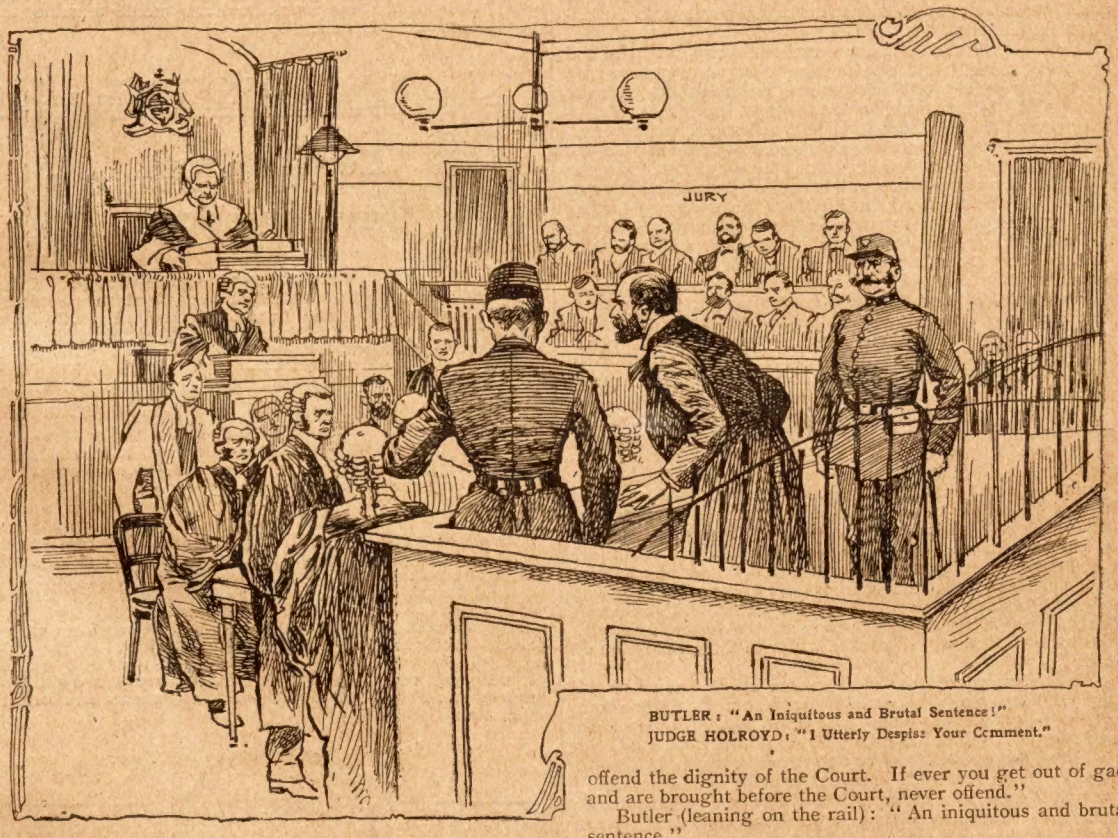
"You have ventured," he continued, "to read me a lecture upon the manner of the sentence about to be imposed, and you ask me to deal leniently with you. There is not one good thing to be said of you, or even one person to come forward with evidence in your favour. Your knowledge, your information, your vanity and utter recklessness towards evil shows me that there is no hope of reformation, and no chance of your doing any good. But you can do harm, because you are a man of intense vanity, and will satisfy that. The longest one can give for the offence upon which you are convicted is fifteen years' hard labour."

Butler (leaving the dock): "An iniquitous and brutal sentence."

This caused a great sensation in the court.

Judge Holroyd: "Come back. Bring that man back again," and the prisoner once more faced the Court.

His Honour: "No insult that you can offer me—no insult you can offer—will induce me to inflict a single hour more of imprisonment; but I advise you never again to offend the dignity of the Court. If ever you get out of gaol and are brought before the Court, never offend."



BUTLER: "An Iniquitous and Brutal Sentence!"
JUDGE HOLROYD: "I Utterly Despise Your Comment."

Butler (leaning on the rail): "An iniquitous and brutal sentence."

Judge Holroyd: "I utterly despise your comment. I cannot tell you the scorn I feel for a man like you."

Butler: "Publish my letter."

The Judge: "Take him away! Take him away!"

Butler: "Publish my letter, and let the public judge."

He was then hurried to the cells.

Shortly following this, Butler was again conducted to the dock. This time he was glowering and shivering violently from agitation. The Judge, addressing him, said:

"I am told that I read your sentence out from my book as fifteen years. I should have said ten years' penal servitude."

This closes the life temporarily of a desperado who, one regrets, has only about three years more to run ere he is again at large to carry on his depredations upon innocent victims, a course he most undoubtedly will pursue.

His sentences amount in total to no less than sixty-three and a-half years. Surely this is, or is very near, the record throughout the world. When in his cell Butler informed the police that if they searched the walls of an old building in Little Burke Street, which was being demolished at the time, they would find his revolver, whiskers, and mask. The detectives did so, and his information proved correct.

The matter which surprised the Court so much was that he did not try to defend himself against all the counts of the indictment, but probably he thought that proof of his guilt was too strong, and that by acknowledging the one he might receive a lighter sentence than if convicted on the five counts. However, Judge Holroyd thought very differently. He carried firearms, and at Hawthorn presented a revolver at the head of a Mr. McPhae, a resident there, and stripped him of his watch and chain, money, and other valuables. This the learned Judge also took into account.

He was remanded for further evidence and inquiry.

On the 27th day of the same month he again appeared before Judge Holroyd, when his Honour asked him if he had anything to say.

"No," answered Butler. "I have sent a statement to his Honour."

The Judge: "I have received that statement. Have you anything else to say?"

Prisoner: "No."

The Judge then pointed out that Butler had actually served twenty-eight years in gaol since 1863, and that previous to that date very little was known as to his career in life or mode of living.

Criminal Problems

MURDER WITH IMPUNITY

IN view of the large number of murders and other shocking offences that our readers will have put before them, it will come as surprise to many to learn that it was not until the time of the Tudors that homicide, intentional or accidental, was considered a serious crime in "Merrie England." Until the year 1487, anyone who was able to read might commit as many murders as he chose, with impunity, it being simply enacted that he should be handed over to the nearest parish priest so that he might make his peace with the all-powerful Church.

Even after that date it was permissible for a man who had acquired the rudiments of education to slay one person, with the trifling penalty of being branded on the thumb with the letter "M." If, however, he so far forgot himself as to commit a second murder, he was liable to be hanged without trial. But the cleric was more fully protected even then. On the occasion of his first shedding blood he was branded in the same manner as the layman, but thereafter was at liberty to kill as many people as he liked without incurring any further penalty. In 1547, a few years after the Reformation, a violent reaction set in, and new ordinances were made with a view to ensuring that the clergy should suffer with the laity for any breaches of law, and then it was that murder was exactly defined and the death penalty regularly instituted. At the same time the legislators of the period went to the extreme of ordering for execution a large number of petty offenders. For instance, if a person stole a handkerchief of the value of more than one shilling, he became liable to be hanged, and on many occasions this terrible penalty was carried out.

For forgery, the sole punishment was death, and Dr. Dodd, one of the most popular preachers in the city, dangled from the Tyburn tree because, in a moment of thoughtlessness, he forged his patron's name. The roll of those who expired beneath the fatal beam on charges which to-day would be met with three months' imprisonment, is enormous, and one wonders at the brutality of our ancestors. But a period of terror is the natural forerunner of a period of rectitude. Cruel though our laws were, they had a beneficial effect on the populace at large, and though the awful punishment was only enforced in two cases out of nine, the knowledge that an offence was liable to be visited with the heaviest penalty known to the law was a marked factor in the suppression of crime.

To-day, murder is the most serious crime known to the law, with the sole exception of high treason. Death has been ordained as the punishment for taking the life of another, possibly on the principal of the Lex Talionis, which ordains that there be given an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Whether this law is in the absolute benefit of the community we will discuss in another article, where the arguments for and against capital punishment will be discussed at greater length. This much, however, we may say: Where there is a tendency to murder, it is as well that mankind should be compelled to fear the fate that the assassin metes out to his helpless victim.

SOCIAL PROGRESS AND ITS RELATION TO CRIME.

NO one who has studied the evolution of crime, however superficially, can fail to have been struck by the fact that it is really a social product, increasing with the growth of knowledge, intelligence, and morality. This is really due to the fact that crime is but the transgression of the laws which society has laid down for the better government of the community, and, accordingly, it can well be understood that any increase in the number and scope of the laws must mean a corresponding increase in the number of those who break them.

The persistent enlargement of the field of crime is a necessity for all truly progressive nations. Society's conflict with its criminal members, due to the enforcement of new social prohibitions, is one of the chief means whereby humanity in every age has risen from a lower to a higher plane of civilisation; from almost uncontrolled license to true liberty, love, and mutual helpfulness.

It must be clearly understood that it is solely the attitude of society towards certain lines of conduct which makes a crime, and that, therefore, the amount of punishable wrong-doing, as shown by statistics, has no actual bearing on the number of breaches of the moral law. For instance, the unauthorised sale of spirits is not of itself wrong, but inasmuch as it has been deemed wise that a certain restriction should be placed on the distribution of alcohol and kindred liquors, society has raised "shebeening" to the dignity of a felony, punishable as such.

Thus it comes about that Professor Giddings's celebrated statement that "civilisation is promoted by an increase of crime" is true. The professor does not mean that any addition to the number of evil deeds is good for the nation, but that the more acts that are included in the category of criminal offences, the more uprightly will the community live, and the more prosperous will the country be. In other words, the Government of the land will have a greater control over the actions of the individual, and can mould them to the benefit of society in general.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

IN one year (1820) no fewer than 46 persons were hanged for forging Bank of England notes, some of which were afterwards asserted to be good. In twenty years ending 1880 there were 279 criminals executed for murder in the United Kingdom—say, fourteen yearly.

JUDICIAL statistics for ten years ending December, 1888, in England and Wales show thus: Murders committed, 1,766; no trace of criminal, 1,094; persons tried for murder, 672; acquitted, 231; found insane, 142; sentenced to death, 299; executed, 154. Of those sentenced to death, fifty were women, of whom only nine were executed.

THE classification of crime differs so much in countries that it is almost impossible to make comparisons. As regards murder, some countries include infanticide and all cases of criminal homicide. Dr. Lombroso found skulls of Italian criminals had 10 per cent. less than an ordinary capacity. Dr. Bordier found the reverse in France. Dugdall considers crime in a manner hereditary, and cites the case of Jukes, an Englishman, who emigrated to North America in 1720, and whose descendants numbered 709 persons, including 76 criminals, 128 prostitutes, 142 vagabonds, and 131 blind, insane, and otherwise infirm.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

SUICIDE.—No; later on.
CHELSEA.—Not suitable.
JOHN H.—Yes; thanks for your letter.
EX-PRISONER.—Of too recent a date to touch.
DATES.—Tothill Fields Prison was closed in 1883.
"CRIMES."—All dates mentioned by us are authentic.
R. J. P.—If you had read No. 4 you would have seen it.
PRINCIPLE.—"Want of principle" would be a better pseudonym.
L. M. R.—Flogging for robbery with violence was sanctioned in 1863.
VIGILANT.—Too little is known by the public of our vast detective system.
CURIOUS.—A "criminal prisoner" is "a prisoner charged with or convicted of a crime."
NOSEY JUSTICE.—Your suggestion that Louise Masset gave her child to Sach and Walters is most improbable.
SWANWICK.—The book you mention is published under the title of "1975: A Tradition," the names only being altered to "Wheelwright."
CALCRAFT.—You will find a copy of the Staffordshire knot on the doors of the L. & N.W. Railway carriages. Story generally accepted as true.
BARBER.—The hair of a female prisoner under remand must not be cut without her consent, except on account of dirt or vermin, or when the surgeon deems it necessary for purposes of health and cleanliness.

Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

Sole Agents for the Colonies—GORDON & GOTCH, London; Melbourne; Sydney; Brisbane; Perth, W.A.; Wellington, N.Z.; Christchurch, N.Z.; Cape Town & Durban, S.A.